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MISCELLANY,

IN

VERSE AND PROSE.

BY

JAMES H. PRICE, ESQ.

That heart be mine where pure affection reigns;
The dimpled cheek soft flush'd with Friendship's glow;
The ready hand that breaks oppressions chains,
And raises from the dust the CHILD OF WOE!

ALBANY:
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.....
1813.

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1920

TO THE HON.

DE WITT CLINTON,

This volume is inscribed, as a sincere testimony of respect for that uniform character, and those exalted talents, which render him the pride and ornament of his country—for a name which Envy may continue to assail, but which must forever hold a distinguished place in the long and illustrious catalogue of Patriots and Statesmen.

By his Friend, and
Fellow-Citizen,
THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE pieces which compose the present volume are mostly juvenile productions, and were written at different periods while the author was pursuing the study of the Law, more for the purpose of spending a vacant hour agreeably, than with any view of offering them to the public. They are now before the world, and he is perfectly sensible that they must pass the solemn ordeal of criticism, which in most cases never fails to do ample justice to those works which bear upon them the stamp of merit.

MISCELLANY.

AFFECTION.

THAT heart be mine where pure affection reigns;
The dimpled cheek, soft flush'd with friendships' glow;
The ready hand that breaks oppression's chains
And raises from the dust, *The Child of Woe;*

The willing ear, that treasures ev'ry sigh
Heav'd plaintive from the bosom of despair;
The starting, trembling, melting, yielding eye,
For mild humanity sits regent there.

Heaven's brightest gem is mercy's silver drop:
Unfeeling adamant no lustre gives;
But pity lights Elysian banquets up,
And on the bosom's grateful tablet lives.

Of what avail the miser's thrifty art?
The beggar's curse each varying hour must wait;
If sternly pitiless and hard of heart,
The wretch is starving at the bolted gate.

A kindred spirit severs every woe,
Congenial sympathy divides the pain:
I ask the TEAR reciprocal to flow,
And I will pay it with a TEAR again.

Yes—give me these—affection's lamp serene
Shall guide me onward o'er life's darksome way;
Illume the horrors of its closing scene,
And smooth the passage to eternal day.

ELEGY

ON A DEAD MOUSE, FOUND IN A TRAP.

AH! why infuriate, to the baited trap
Didst thou, the cheese to nibble, swiftly run?
But such, O gentle MOUSE! was thy mishap,
And soon thy race, thou son of earth! was done.

To thy cold grave a youthful bard repairs,
And most divinely o'er thy relics sings;
For ev'ry daughter of *Apollo* swears
MICE should have elegies as well as KINGS.

Soft be thy bed—thy slumbers most serene;
Thy dreams, if visions e'er infest the dead,
Give to thy longing view the sylvan scene,
And well-stor'd pantry, fill'd with crumbs of bread.

Hast thou a father's anxious heart possest—
Or, heav'd thy bosom with a husband's care?
No matter now; the grave has giv'n thee rest,
And long oblivion waits upon thee there.

Perhaps, mid-gayest courtship summoned hence,
The pains and frailties of thy race to feel,

Death rush'd, relentless, o'er each finer sense,
And on thy eye-lids set his closing seal.

Then widow'd love deplored thy hapless fate,
And wept, remembring thy infantile bloom;
Bewail'd the rigour of thy life's short date,
And gave thee, groaning, to an early tomb.

Perhaps a POLITICIAN thou hast been,
And, WHIG, or TORY, join'd in warm debate,
Bawl'd at elections, straining thy smooth skin,
To save the glories of a sinking state.

Like *Proteus*, then didst thou not change thy shape?
Did not ambition in thy bosom lurk—
One sigh for office from thy soul escape—
One wish to be a SHERIFF or a CLERK?

Or justice of the peace, whom fate ordains
To be the scourge of lawless ruffians round;
To bind the PAW OF LARCENCY in chains,
Or take recognizance in *forty pound?*

Or, did thy mind, with more exalted views,
The well-earn'd trophies of the statesman's claim;
And, fir'd with love of glory, wisely choose
The narrow path, that leads to endless fame.

Perhaps a tiny student of the law,
In quest of clients, and in quest of *fees*,
Thou fondly hop'd when more mature, to awe
Their HONORS, on the bench of common pleas.

Then *narr*, and *plea*, and *replication* grew
From feuds and quarrels most divinely dull;
And roguish *Trover* swore his claim was true,
Although defendant, pleading, said *non. cul.*

Perhaps to physic's healing art inclin'd,
And watching long at science's op'ning gate,
Some *Esculapean* sage thou wert design'd,
To cheat disease, and ward the shaft of fate.

If so, when call'd to view thy much-lov'd MOUSE,
Stretch'd faint and pallid on her dying bed,
How did thy groans re-echo through the house!
How did thine eyes the tears of friendship shed!

These bootless queries must forever rest;
Mute is thy tongue, which could their truth reveal;
Hush'd are the pulses of thy gen'rous breast,
And all thy num'rous fibres cease to feel.

If thou a *Mouse of pedigree* wast known,
And family connections were thy pride,
The bud of promise wither'd ere 'twas blown,
And hope desponded when its fav'rite dy'd:

If meanly pitiful was thy descent,
Thy blood all plebeian, and thy kindred base;
Unwept, unhonor'd, down to death thou went,
The last, perhaps, of thy neglected race.

To thee alike; since on the wintry waste,
As storms howl sullen, and as tempests rave,
The high and low, life's little journey past,
Both mix and moulder in one common grave.

Death's palace is the cold and silent tomb,
And MEN, like MICE, beneath his stroke must fall;
The sun itself shall set in endless gloom,
"And one eternal curtain cover all!"

TO PEACE.

MILD as the lustre of th' autumnal star,
Serenely beaming through the cloudless sky,
What time meek evening decks his radiant car,
And fancy's fairest forms in playful vision fly:

O! child of consolation! genial PEACE!
Descend, and soothe my ever-aching breast;
Bid grief, and rage, and disappointment cease,
And kindly bring the hour of promis'd rest.

Say to the threatning storms of human life,
"My smile celestial shall your rage controul;"
Then hush, of passions wild, the madd'ning strife,
And calm the restless tumults of the soul.

And when in death my beamless eye shall close,
O! bear me, cherub, to that dread abode,
Where sorrow's victims find a long repose,
And taste the smile of an approving GOD!

TO FRIENDSHIP.

HAIL holy Friendship! bliss sincere,
That kindly wipes the falling tear;
That gilds the gloom of Sorrow's night,
With genial consolation's light;
And wrests with mild and healing art,
The pointed arrow from the heart!
Assuasive nymph, with kind controul,
Impart thy rapture to my soul;
And in thy ray of purest rest,
O! teach me to be ever blest:
Repel Affliction's fatal dart,
And soothe the anguish of the heart!

Crown'd with thy smiles may I pursue,
The paths of peace and pleasure too;
And timely find in Reason's glow,
A 'healing balm' for ev'ry woe.

MY NATAL STAR.

In life's serenely-tranquil morn,
Ere Pleasure's rose had felt the thorn—
The piercing thorn of anxious care,
How brightly beam'd my NATAL STAR!

Then, joyous Seasons playful roll'd;
The years flew round on wings of gold:
I banish'd dire Misfortune far,
And watch'd the mild ascending STAR.

Her flowers, sweet Friendship strew'd around,
And shed her blossoms on the ground;
Then bade me look for bliss afar:
O! 'twas a most benignant STAR.

Not thus my noon—the dusky night
Had put its genial beams to flight,
And, 'neath its clouds, had buried far
The lustre of my NATAL STAR.

Then friends grew cold—and friendship ceas'd,
As penury and woe increas'd:
I saw the cheating orb from far,
And curs'd the pestilential STAR.

E'er that destructive meteor rose,
To light me to a world of woes,

O ! had its orb been hid afar,
Or else have been my SETTING STAR.

WINTER

Sleeps the soft and sighing gale,
Coldly in its native vale ?—
Sweeps the whirlwind, fierce and strong,
Hills and plains and groves along ?—
Fades the incense-breathing flow'r,
Chill'd by winter's sleety show'r,
Are the leaves of autumn tost,
Midway through the sky and lost
Does the surge of Ocean roar,
Marching horrid to the shore ?—
Yes—the gale of summer sleeps—
Rough the mountain-whirlwind sweeps—
Hoarse the Northern breezes blow.
'Cumber'd with attending snow ;
And hurl'd untimely by the blast,
That speaks the reign of FLORA past.
The leaves of Autumn mount the sky,
Then o'er creation's circuit fly :—
The marching surges lash the shore,
And loud the waves of Ocean roar,
December—hoary sire ! appears,
And looks a sage of other years ;—
A sable robe his form enshrouds
Spangled with frost and fring'd with clouds
Long icicles his beard compose,
Tip't with the wreath of shining snows,

He, journeying onward from the pole,
Where noisy storms forever roll;
The flow of ages marks, sublime,
And measures all the lapse of time;
'Till closing with congealing breath,
The SEASONS, in the sleep of death;
He bids the wintry Demon spring,
And wide he waves his plumeless wing;
Then strecthing far his dusky flight,
He wraps the shiv'ring globe in night,
And terrible through ethe whirl'd,
He rocks the fabrick of the world.

THE MISER's PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY Father! GOD of grace!
Enthron'd in endless day,
Bend from thy holy dwelling place,
And hear thy servant pray.

Thou knowest, Lord, that I possess
Of worldly goods a store;
And, influenced by *selfishness*,
I strive to gather more.

Smile merciful upon my farms,
So shall my crops increase;
And safe in thy protecting arms
I'll spend my days in peace.

From early frosts my lands secure,
And show'rs of rattling hail;
Whatever others may endure,
Still let thy grace prevail.

Let no untimely mildews blight
The ever-verdant year;
Nor on my harvest thick and bright,
The blasting smut appear.

Make my domestic herds to breed
As none e'er bred before,
And all my num'rous cattle feed
From thy abundant store.

And should an all-destroying drouth
Lay summer's herbage low,
O! send a tempest from the south,
To make my clover grow.

Let no perplexing briars pull
The fleeces from my flocks;
Give me to shear the finest wool,
And wear the softest socks.

O! teach my cows, eternal King,
No more to bear by halves;
Inspire my *heifers*, every spring,
To yield, each one, *twin-calves*.

Be thou my soul's salvation-rock,
My bright, my morning star;
And graciously preserve bank stock
A little over par.

My neighbour, GRIST, has built a mill,
Which to him I *begrutch;*
The surly catiff keeps it still,
Because he asks too much.

O! send thy spirit down to earth—
Dispose his soul aright,

And when he'll take what half 'tis worth,
Thy servant, Lord, will buy't.

I own, of late, I've left the saints,
Their worship and their ways;
But holy cheats and pious feints
Shall bless my latter days.

There is a custom rude, which grieves
Thy servant's soul full sore,
And shrinks his purse, but still relieves
The sextons's heart the more.

It is, that pious deacons move,
With most majestic gait;
And in each face on Sunday shove
A BASON OR A PLATE.

Then wood in winter, while they stay,
True christians can't refuse;
And every saint must help to pay
The sweeping of the pews!

This surely is no small offence
To those who hate to pay;
The project I dislike—and hence
I choose to keep away.

If thou this evil wilt correct,
And put the deacons right,
Before thy throne, with due respect,
I'll bow with all my might.

When I, by destiny severe,
Have lost my glittering pelf,
And wish to stay no longer here,
O! take me to thyself.

But I beseech thee, do not kill
Thy faithful servant dear,
Who waits to do his Maker's will
The most *convenient* year.

The fees which undertakers have,
Are sure too large to pay;
And I myself will dig my grave
Before my burial day.

With meek submission, be it known,
I'd wish my life to keep,
Till parish fees are smaller grown,
And funerals more cheap.

Thy kingdom come—but make my will
Obey'd instead of thine;
Hush the contending nations still,
And favor my design.

For mercy's sake, a peace restore,
And set our commerce free;
Thine is the glory and the pow'r,
The *gain* belongs to me.

Permit our ships to go abroad,
Then safe return again;
And I thy justice will applaud
World without end—AMEN.

ODE TO SPRING.

DAUGHTER of heav'n! thou peerless, blooming maid,
Rob'd in the rich attire of youth, descend

And vivify the world. All nature groans,
In chains of heaviest solitude confin'd,
While stormy clouds sweep awful round the sky,
Surcharg'd with many a blast. Awake! awake
Thy laughing nymphs, and all thy jocund train—
Light-footed fairies, and the sylvan band
That love to revel in thy shady bowers.
Forth peeping from his winter's sad retreat,
The cherub APRIL waves his infant locks,
All parti-colour'd as the changing sky:
In copious streams now sheds its light abroad;
And now, grim frowning from the northern range
Of clouds on clouds pil'd up, a tempest pours,
With desolation fraught. O, awake! awake!
Once more release the year. I long to bask
Beneath congenial suns, and from thy cup,
Of fragrant zephyrs scent the richest sweets.

Man is the lord of all things here below;
His empire is the world. Abroad his eye
May range the temple of creation round,
And visit every planet, every star
To human ken made visible: pursue
The baneful comet, whose eccentric march
Portends swift ruin to the hapless state
O'er which it seems to pass. All these the eye
Of man may view, and his full bosom beat
With various pulse, as various scenes inspire,
Now joyful and now sad. But thine's the pow'r,
Creative Goddess! o'er the globe to throw,
Luxuriant and afresh, thy mantle green,
And give a second Eden to mankind,

Where loves and graces their primeval rights
In raptures re-assume: where rosy youth,
His modest cheek encrimson'd with a blush,
Deep as the verdure of thy glowing vales,
From winter's dreary ruins starts anew,
And on creation's road, with printless step,
Advances to his goal, the goal of all.
Thine is the task celestial, to produce
The calmest pleasures and the purest bliss,
A constant uniformity of mind,
That often still experienc'd pleases still,
And brings at length the *Sabbath of the soul!*

The rage of winter less demands my song
Than thy enliv'ning smile my constant praise.
What wretches famish'd in his hills of snow,
And died of hunger there; how many froze
Their wither'd limbs, and perish'd in his blasts,
Forlorn and friendless, in some gloomy wild,
Far from all human track, environ'd round
By shaggy mountains, and the noisy stream
Of rivers, pouring wide:—their sev'ral fates,
Their names, their number, and their date of life,
The faithful volume of the tragic muse
Had best record—my lyre is tun'd to thee:
My lyre, that late, bound up in chains of frost,
Refus'd harmonious utterance of voice,
Shakes mellow music from its loosening strings;
Thou queen of Fancy! by thyself inspir'd;
Yes, thou art Fancy's queen; for, at thy smile
Grim melancholy flies the face of day;
Round-shoulder'd Care forgets his growing ills,

And sleeps serene, not dreaming of his toils,
The peasant is a king; the village maid,
A wreathe of daisies round her brow entwin'd,
Cropp'd by love's careful hand from many a stem,
Sole empress of the lawn on which she treads:
The crazy pulse of four-score years, beats quick
The even music of infantile days;
And male and female, one uniting choir,
Feel the full flush of youth, and chaunt anew
A hymn of honors to thy sacred name.

But, ah! how transient is thy blooming reign!
How frail thy landscapes, and thy flowers how frail!
A moment, and they fade upon the eye;
And, as they fade, they fall a helpless prey
To the consuming worm. Emblem of life!
How just the picture! all its parts replete!
How full, how amply, how divinely sketch'd,
To represent the fading bloom of man!
Come, Contemplation, I invite thy aid
To add new grandeur to my youthful lay,
While boldly soaring with an eagle's wing
To fields of moral and eternal truth,
I draw the instructive lesson from my verse.

The seasons, wheeling their continual round,
At the dread fiat of creation's Lord,
Roll swiftly on measuring the sands of life,
And tremble as they roll. Successive years
And ages wasted in their rapid flight,
Have reach'd their destin'd mansion, and repose
In fate's oblivious urn. Man, hear thy doom!
Yet a short period, and the blooming *Spring's*

Fierce *Summer*, darting wide his radiant fires;
The ripen'd *Autumn*, with his yellow crown,
And surly *Winter*, growling from his cave,
Far seated in the region of the pole,
Shall wake no more discordant; and no more
Circle the earth. Lo! *Time's* descending sun,
In silent majesty pursues his course,
To set reluctant at his journey's end,
In the dark "ocean of ETERNITY!"

MONITORY.

DOST thou a LOVER'S cares sustain—
A LOVER'S joys impart!—
Beware—for Death shall break the chain
Encircled round thy heart.

And O! if beauty's radiant eye,
One consecrated tear
Has wept at Sorrow's pausing sigh,
To ease his load severe:

The vagrant drop has miss'd the road,
And, careless where it falls,
Has fail'd to ease the mighty load,
The tremb'ling soul appals.

Art thou a PARENT? for thy child
Pray fervent night and day—
For dark is life's deceitful wild,
And thorny is its way.

Art thou a WARRIOR, o'er whose brow
The blood-stain'd laurel blooms?

Murd'rer, prepare for slaughter now,
The *King of Terrors* draws his bow?
Pleas'd he surveys th' uplifted dart,
And, aiming steady at thy heart,
A fiercer Warrior comes.

Art thou a MAID, like morning fair,
With rosy cheek and flowing hair,
The Phœnix of the age?
Thine is a tale of deepest woe,
From thy two eyes shall tear-drops flow,
And thy two breasts with twin-like glow,
Shall quickly yield their treasur'd snow
To Time's destructive rage.

Your joyous moments all shall fail,
Ye young, ye rich, ye gay—
For know your thread of life's as frail
As is the stem of May.

The rose of Manhood, fate shall kill,
And each unsheltered flower,
Life's wintry blast, severe and chill,
Shall hasten to devour.

Age, cradled on Disease's lap,
Shall mar the fairest form,
And youth's delicious star shall wrap
In ruin's final storm.

TO DELIA.

DELIA, why so sad—
Why, my girl, this sorrow?

To-day is not so bad
Perhaps, as is to-morrow!

If in the Book of fate,
To read one page were ours;—
How soon along the dark'ning leaf
Would fade the brightest flowers!

This is a chequer'd scene,
Some sunshine, and some shade;
And every blissful moment
With sorrow is o'erpaid,

Then dry those streaming eyes—
Tut—Lady, never mind it;
As to the world, what signifies,
We *leave* it as we *find* it!

If pleasure's voice to-day
Beguile you to her bower;
Improve it while you may,
The present is the hour.

Time has his golden sands,
Richer than wealth of *Crœsus*;
And while he proffers both his hands,
Old Fate stands by to fleece us.

Life is a poor dull jest,
And when we reach its close;
I'll bet that he improves it best,
Who *takes* it as it *goes*!

IMPROMPTU,

On being requested by a very ancient maiden Lady to give her a kiss.

MARY, if from that *asking lip*,
Where lurks the ripe, the wither'd kiss,
You but permit me once to sip
I fear my soul would melt in bliss;

Then spare your favors, gentle maid:—
At least let *one suffice to-night*,
For much, my dearest, I'm afraid,
That *two* of them would *kill me quite!*

MORNING.

LIGHT sits the dew-drop on the spangled lawn,
While sportive zephyrs in loose order play:
The fleecy clouds break soft before the dawn,
And yield their empire to the star of day.

Delicious music wakes amid the groves—
Sweet notes, soul-thrilling, vibrate on the ear;
The peasant rises from the home he loves,
And "sings the glories of the circling year."

But never taught to span the distant poles,
With NEWTON tread the maze of systems thro',
Where world succeeding world forever rolls,
And suns, expiring, kindle up anew.*

In coarse, blunt strains, he pours the rustic song,
To the mild reign of gentle peace inclin'd;

* Vide Thompson's Autumn

For he its fond existence would prolong,
And give its spotless Sabbath to mankind.

Ah! vain the wish, the passions to controul;
Ah! vain the wish, for it shall ne'er be told
That lenient Pity rul'd the human soul,
In proud defiance of ALMIGHTY GOLD:

That equal Rights, and equal Laws prevail,
Where stern Ambition builds his matchless throne,
And Justice poises her eternal scale,
To weigh the kingdoms of the earth alone.

The charms of morning every breast must warm,
And teach the latent feelings to disclose;
Where western India wakes the obedient storm,
And Lapland groans beneath eternal snows.

No soil can banish, and no range can bound;
Alike the region, and alike the clime:
For joys like these spread universal round,
And last coeval with the reign of time.

See, from the vale the dusky vapours rise!
See, far and wide the rays of æther bend!
See new-born radiance flush the dappled skies—
Tinge heav'n's high arch, and round the world extend!

Thick coming light the varied landscape cheers,
The pictur'd shadows mix with purer rays;
Till, thro' the fading mist, the sun appears,
And full beneath him pours the living blaze.

MORNING—A SONNET.

SLOW creeps the light! when thro' the rustling breeze
The last deep shades of evening melt away,
Soft whisp'ring zephyr's murmur through the trees,
And vapours thin fortell the approach of day.

At first a ray of purple lightly drawn,
In the fair orient, speaks the coming day;
Till ting'd with gold looks out the expected dawn;
And life reviving, owns the genial ray—

Peeping beneath the party-colour'd sky,
With urn, light-blazing climbs the herald star;
At his approach the ruder phantoms fly,
And Phœbus rolls his slow majestic car.

Now vocal music warbles from the spray,
And Nature gladdens in congenial day.

AMBITION.

High on a cliff, see proud ambition stand,
And crowns and sceptres glitter in his hand:
The streaming flag, beneath his feet unfurl'd.
Displays the signal to o'erwhelm the world:
Now blood-dy'd plains, their recent carnage spread;
The earth groans deep beneath the slaughter'd dead
Pale limbs of heroes strew the gory vale,
The shrieks of Orphans quiver in the gale;
Infuriate armies every village raze,
And cities sink 'mid war's devouring blaze;
Then dim oblivion spreads his dusky pall,
And, striding onward, shades the face of all

THE MAN OF FORTITUDE—A FRAGMENT.

I REVERE the man
Whose soul, unshaken, unappall'd, can view
The wreck of fairest prospects; and, whose mind,
Strong, ardent, lib'ral, comprehensive, vast,
Can mock the fates, and soar above misfortune.

What though he's reft of kindred and of friends;
What though he's exil'd from society,
And made a mark for all the shafts of scorn,
Incessant hissing, to destroy his peace:
What though he weeps upon a sister's hearse,
While warm, fraternal fondness, wrings his soul;
What though the eye of her he call'd his wife,
And joy'd to call her by that tender name,
Is seal'd in slumbers of eternal night:
What though no genial fire-side cheers his soul
With mild illumin'd blaze, ascending high;
Nor house-dog welcomes him at fall of eve:
What though a pilgrim, on the world's wide waste,
Destin'd to roam, and sue for charity—
Cold-finger'd charity, whose iron gripe
Benumbs the poor. Yet still his mighty soul,
By no hard toils subdu'd, nor anguish worn,
But still majestic in the hour of woe,
Like a huge pile of adamant, sustains
The rushing tempests of adversity,
And braves the rudest shock—the storm defies,
And greatly wretched, without hope of change,
From deepest ruins, and a sea of evils,
Resurging upward to his native height,
The lofty eminence of conscious worth,
He calls the moral world his own, and views

The sweeping scythe of Time lay empires low,
And generation after generation
Slide off the slipp'ry stage of human life.

What's life to him, but the rough road that leads
Thorny and serpentine, and waste and wild,
Through Time's dark empire, to the gates of death?
He treads, regardless of the flints that pierce
His well accustom'd feet; and, journeying on,
Reaches, at last the common goal, and finds
His home, the GRAVE!

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MISS MARY WRIGHT.

THE soul of virtue to the spheres has fled;
Youth, beauty, elegance is turn'd to dust;
Lo! in the wasteful mansions of the dead
She waits the *Resurrection of the Just.*

Ah! had disease but spar'd her morning hour;
Had life with her receiv'd a longer date,
How bright in age had bloom'd fair virtue's flower,
And nobly triumph'd o'er the stroke of fate!

But sickness came and pluck'd each blooming grace;
Round her fair form a deadly influence threw;
Stole, one by one, the roses from her face,
And planted the pale lily where they grew.

Day after day, with patient brow serene,
She saw the measur'd sands of life depart;
As death approach'd she smil'd upon the scene,
Nor fear'd his ice-chills gathering round her heart:

But though her sun of life went down at noon,
That sun shall rise again divinely bright;
Through countless ages undimish'd glow,
In all the radiance of celestial light.

Spring's choicest flower shall bud upon her grave—
Its deepest verdure clothe the living sod;
Since the same hand that snatch'd her spirit, gave
A SPOTLESS SERAPH TO THE THRONE OF GOD!

A REFLECTION.

WEALTH is a cheat not worth pursuing—
Glory a phantom dazzling bright;—
How many fools rush down to ruin
Led by its wild inconstant light!

The breath of *Fame's* a summer breeze,
Light as the zephyr's playful wing;
Frail as the rose which childhood sees
Luxuriant on the breast of spring.

Pleasure's a harlot wondrous fair
But bent to ruin and destroy;
Closely she draws her gilded snare,
Then dashes wild, the cup of joy.

And what is *Beauty?* breathing love
Can it endure? Ah! never—never!
For death shall all its pride remove,
And blot its little sun forever!

THE REMEDY.

When sadly twining round my aching heart,
The grisly band of dire misfortunes cling :—
Corroding anguish to my mind impart,
And in my bosom fix th' envenom'd sting :—

When Slander's scorpion hiss peals long and loud,
And fickle Friendship pausing in the race—
Forsakes the wretch, forsaken of the crowd,
And shrinks, ashamed to shew his mealy face :—

When rank Oppression rolls the jaundiced eye ;
When Beauty's cheek with scorn and anger glows ;
And Pity beckons with a mournful sigh,
The fated victim to a long repose :

'Tis then with joy o'er Heav'ns serene expanse,
I cast a mildly-pensive look abroad :
My soul enraptur'd kindles at the glance,
And wings an Anthem to the throne of God.

Calm Contemplation soothes my troubled soul :
Her peaceful shade is Sorrow's best retreat :—
Beneath her eye unnumber'd systems roll,
And globes revolving crumble at her feet.

Time like a vision fades before my view :—
I see its Giant Sons to ruin hurl'd ;—
Oblivious shades their downward track pursue,
AND BLOT THE LIVING TABLET OF THE WORLD !

PICTURE OF LIFE.

In life's gay morn unnumbered graces play,
And health and innocence perfume the way ;

Unsullied joys pass gently o'er the breast,
"Hush ev'ry sigh, and charm each care to rest."
Then cloudless noon a brighter lustre shows,
And in the ardor of effulgence glows;
Wakes ev'ry flow'r in fancy's bold career,
And one wide Summer crowns the golden year.
Next, ev'ning clouds (for soon life's course is run)
Gloom the fair azure round affection's sun;
And all the beauties that adorn'd the day
To age and sickness fall a certain prey,
Till whelm'd at last beneath the sable shade,
The transient glories of the morning fade.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT WOODWORTH, ESQ.

Rest, Patriot shade—in peace forever rest,
Thy mem'ry honour'd, cherish'd, lov'd and blest;
Round thy cold grave luxuriant wreaths shall bloom
And fadeless flowers still flourish on thy tomb:
Attending Angels shall fulfil their trust
And guard from harm thy consecrated dust;
O'er thy pale clay celestial fragrance shed
And strew their living odours on thy bed;
Then, when reluctant to obey his call
Creation shrinks before the Lord of all—
When glowing stars are swift to ruin hurl'd
And the last Sun has set upon the world—
Thy faded form from death's dread gloom shall wake
And the full image of thy God partake,
Ascending soar to regions more sublime
And bid defiance to the shaft of time.

THE BLOSSOMS.

I've seen the tender rose-bud bloom,
Surcharg'd with morning's early dew,
And, loaded with each choice perfume,
Expand its treasures to the view:
Awhile to boast its pleasing pow'r—
Awhile to deck the impurpled mead,
Where Summer paints his genial bow'r,
And fairy forms and spirits tread.

I've seen the lilly of the vale
With sweetest, fairest fragrance bloom,
And sigh to ev'ry passing gale,
Unconscious of approaching doom.
I've seen the chill night-wind arise,
All dark, and dreary, and forlorn,
Commission'd by inclement skies,
To blight the blossoms of the morn.

So have I seen (with sorrow prest)
The cheeck of thoughtless Beauty glow;
And oft have sigh'd, with swollen breast,
And oft have drop'd the tear of woe:
And, while I wept, with anguish'd eye,
The transient lustre of the Fair,
Unseen, unheeded, Fate came by,
And fix'd a deadly arrow there.

THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF WAR.

East when fair Virtue lov'd to roam
Beneath the philosophic shade,

The Goddess found a sylvan home
In ev'ry grotto, ev'ry glade.

Where low the rustic dome arose,
O'erhung with bays and myrtles round;
Soft was the hour of her repose,
And sweet the slumbers that she found.

Ah! then unknown were human woes!
Nor aught disturb'd the peaceful plain;
Till Envy, that fell demon, rose,
With Lust and Murder in his train.

Then Avarice with meagre face,
The messenger of coming ill;
Stalk'd through the world with steady pace,
And bow'd the nations to his will.

Ambition next his plumes display'd,
And wav'd his sceptre, ting'd with gore;
Unsheath'd the bright, the steely blade,
To dye in crimson ev'ry shore.

In artful guise Seduction stalked,
To taint the cup of human joy;
Mid innocence and beauty walked,
And breathed his flatt'ry to destroy.

Last in the train, infuriate Hate
War's dread insignia unfurl'd;
The sister-Fates in conclave sate,
And desolation filled the world.

Now mid the strife ascending high,
Loud blows the trumpet's piercing sound;
The shouts of conquest rend the sky,
And slaughter'd thousands bleed around.

Say, ye whom all events obey,
Of human woes, who lead the van,
How long shall evil passions sway,
And carnage stain the pride of man?

'Tis yours, with soft assuasive glow,
To light affection's friendly star—
Beam radiant on the night of woe,
And stay the guilty work of war.

Bid mild humanity repose,
Nor longer bathe her blushing cheek;
Bid wakeful Care her eye-lids close,
And Virtue cease her wrongs to speak.

Then hallowed Peace, primeval love
O'er ev'ry nation shall extend;
The *rose* its mildest fragrance prove,
And with the *olive* sweetly blend.

LINES

Written at midnight, with a pencil, on a blank leaf of the author's pocket book.

The hour how dark! when mid-night spreads her vail,
And dusky vapours shade the glowing sky;
In volumes vast, subservient to the beck
Of thinnest apparitions—fearful visions!
The unsubstantial natives of the air,
To fancy's eye deep searching only seen
In the brown twilight or the "falling eve,"
As oft they mix in loose revolving dance.
Yes—doubly dark, if to the wretch who views

The sweeping phantoms of the middle sphere,
And listens to the clamor of the winds
As fierce they rush with undulating wing,
His frantic bosom shews a gloomier scene,
Uproar and wild confusion brooding there;
The furious war of passions, and the glow
Of each commixing in the general strife,
The bane of social harmony and ease,
And haggard, ENVY pale, insatiate fiend,
Forever musing and forever sad,
That steals the furrows of untimely years,
Ere playful boyhood ripens into age,
And plants a crown of wrinkles on his brow,
Scowling at sight of human happiness,
The child of jealousy and mad despair.

————Hail shadowy Nymph!
Thou queen of "sober-suited" musings, hail!
The soul's calm Sabbath—Nature's pause of rest,
'Tis thine to give—and retrospection's glass.
That brings remembrance of departed days:
Of blissful moments cheated by dull care,
And care beguiled by hope—the mingled sports,
The joyous pastimes and the sober hours—
Of this all-chequered—ever shifting stage,
This *good for-nothing* comedy of life,
With tragic sighs and stories interwove,
And melancholly episodes of woe.
Unknown, uncourted by the venal throng
That trip of pleasure the alluring round,
Mould every sense to fashion's various law,
And riot in a waste of luxury—
The *grinning—chattering* Monkeys of the day,

A new Republic of inflated APES,
Whose souls to science's elemental lore,
By cool Philosophy were never wed:—
Those noisy insect-multitudes that swarm
In the soft sun-shine of a summer-day,
And catch contagious folly as it spreads
In endless circle and in endless still,
'Till all infected with the general bane,
Diffuse the growing malady around;
I wake to meditation and to thee—
Steal from the downy pillow of repose,—
Careless I snatch the shrill—resounding lyre,
And, mid the awful silence of the scene,
The scene that heralds an approaching gloom,
The scene that dwindles, mocks all human pride—
Give one new chorus to the song of Fate.

Terrific Goddess—ancient vestal, hail!
Before the shining, handy-works of God,
Rose fair and faultless to the Maker's eye,
Beneath his plastic, ever-forming hand:—
On the dark archives of eternity,
Thy name in FADELESS CYPHERS stood enroll'd.
Thou to the sun shalt give thy mighty laws—
Shalt fold his lustre in thy starless robe,
The planets pluck from their affrighted orbs,
Then like a tempest on creation rush,
And round the palace of the universe
Stretch the dim curtain of eternal night.

LINES

On the bloody and decisive engagement between the American troops under Gen. Harrison and the Indians on the Wabash.

Now peace to the shades of the heroes that fell
By the Savage, the merciless foe:
For their dirge was the shriek and the wild battle-yell,
And cold in the dust they lie low.

Yes Peace to the spot where in triumph they rest;
Round their urns shall the evergreen bloom!
For the Star of the Patriot which shone in the west,
Has lighted their course to the tomb.

At the call of their country undaunted they stood,
The bravest in midst of the brave;
For their Children and Freedom devoted their blood;
Their altars—their fire-sides to save!

Hark! as shrill the dread trumpet so piercingly rings
As the hunter his *War-note* triumphantly sings;
'Tis the knell of the dead, for, O God! see it brings
Desolation and death as it floats on the gale,
And thousands that song of the night shall bewail.

But they died not the death of the slave,
Their home and their country to save!
For glory's bright *halo* encircled each head,
And its lustre collected, divinely was shed
On life's ebbing moments as changeful they fled,
While Eagle-winged victory bound,
A wreathe all immortal, their temples around!

Then Peace to the shades of the heroes that fell
By the Savage's merciless ire:
But curst be the GOLD that awakened their yell,
And curst be those fiends with the visage of hell,
To the chant of the war song all dismal and wild;
Who in horrible measure danced as they piled
Their fragments of wood, and exultingly smiled,
As they kindled of death the fierce fire!

Say, did the rude savage of merciless mould,
Contrive these foul murders—so *damning*—so *cold!*
Unaided by Britain—unallured by her Gold—
Did he wake the wild war-whoop—unbid give the yell,
And burst on his foe with the music of hell?
Does the *wilderness give*, to dishonor the earth,
In form that is human—so horrid a birth?
Ah no! 'twas the WHITE MAN who gave the decree,
With a bosom more savage and sterner than he;
'Twas the proud, polished Briton, unconquered in fight,
Bade the WAR FLAG to stream on the mantle of Night.*

BRITANIA! BRITANIA! thou Queen of the Seas!
In the plunder of empires refined;
Unfurling thy death-bearing flag to the breeze.
Not to cherish but murder Mankind!

On history's bright tablet, enduring as time,
To each far-spreading clime

* *It will be recollected that the Indians commenced their attack upon the American camp about 4 o'clock in the morning.*

Thy crimes shall resound,
And thy WRONGS BE EMBLAZONED where Man can be found.

Still onward as Wabash shall roll his *dark flood*,
The roar of his waters shall tell
Of the heroes who poured for their country their blood;
Who sleep in lone graves by the side of his wood,
And vanquished their foes as they fell.

THE SEARCH.

I searched for the *rose* on the red cheek of *Chloe*,
That mocks the mild lily so faint;
And the *white*, scattered there—to be sure it was snowy,
And the *red*—pshaw! 'twas nothing but PAINT!

Then her teeth of fine ivory, polished and clean,
Turned my whimsical heart half about—
'Till I carelessly thrusting my fingers between
Push'd a broadside of UNDER-JAW out.

In the smooth—darting beam of her magical eye,
Methought certain solace I'd find;
But my hopes in an instant, were blown to the sky
When I found that my charmer was *blind*.

I looked for each curl of her ringlets so fair
As down her fine shoulders they fell;
And I found at a *Friseur's* she'd purchased her hair,
Of his 'prentice who kept it to sell.

Then her *lips*, the rich store-house of kisses so pure
Look'd sweet as twin rose-buds together;

But the moment they opened again I was sure
They looked more like a piece of *tann'd leather* :

Ere I try the dark shoals and the quicksands of life,
With one of these ghostly partakers—
I had much rather wed a *Mahogany* wife
And speak her myself at a *Cabinet-Maker's* !

EPIGRAMS.

Misers are never happy, Poets say,
But with the Poets here I disagree
Since Flavia at thy shrine, I constant pray
And sure thy Lover finds a Heaven in thee !

Damon to one Wife bids adiew,
Sheds a few tears—then marries two
Such is his wondrous love of sorrow
The more he has—the more he'll *borrow* !

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

Ocean weeps at Britain's crimes,
Wafted o'er a thousand climes ;
Ocean's surges stream with gore,
Dark and crimson, to the shore.

From his blue, unfathom'd bed,
Region of the shroudless dead,
Wakes the unrelenting strife—
Peals the closing dirge of life.

Billows mix with billows dire;
Ocean glows with mimic fire:
Deep beneath the mountain wave,
Millions plunge, to find a grave.

GALLIC valour scours the plain;
Heaps of heroes newly slain,
Erst with martial pride elate,
Swell the catalogue of fate.

Rearing his terrific crest,
Giant arm, and dauntless breast,
Europe's arbiter appears,
And vict'ry's lofty standard bears.

He, for conquest and renown,
Mows the warlike phalanx down:
Valor's offspring yield their breath,
Gallant armies sink in death.

PYRENEES and ALPS, in vain
Strive his mad career to chain:
Close he girds his blood-stain'd robe,
And plans the conquest of the globe.

Rise, ye spirits of the wave,
NEPTUNE'S ancient kingdom save;
Bid his wat'ry realms be free,
Whelm the TYRANT OF THE SEA!

Rise, ye patriots! on the shore;
Bid the trump of freedom roar:
Grasp her thunders in your hand,
Crush the TYRANT OF THE LAND!

HYMN,

WRITTEN FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1812.

O, GOD of BATTLES, hear our prayer,
Give us to meet the insulting foe,
The Freeman's slumb'ring arm to bare,
And deal the just avenging blow.

Be thou our shelt'ring cloud by day,
Our hope, our help, our Sun and shield,
And thy all-conquering power display
Victorious o'er the sanguine field.

And on the foe by heaven accursed,
The foe who dares our rights invade—
Let thy consuming lightnings burst
Terrific through the midnight shade.

Let thy appalling thunders wake,
Thy vengeance burn from shore to shore,
And let thy fiercer chariot shake
The realms that scorn thy sovereign power.

Once when a tyrant's power assail'd,
'Twas God who smote the recreant crew,
There thy Almighty arm prevail'd,
And led us all our dangers through.

Let the dread angel of thy wrath
Ride swift on the *tempestuous* blast;
In mercy then, arrest his path
And bid the storm be overpast.

This is the Patriot's glorious day—
Lo! in thy courts a countless throng

Redeemed from SLAVERY, wait to pay
The tribute of a nation's song.

SONS of the good, the just, the brave,
Swell the loud anthem to his name!
And the rich heritage he gave,
O, save from ruin! save from shame!

Wake every loftier nobler strain,
Let one consenting pean ring!
The God who will his throne maintain,
Is ZION'S and COLUMBIA'S King.

He, seated on the eternal hill,
While days and month's and years shall move,
Will all his purposes fulfil,
His works of judgment or of love.

Then let the distant welkin ring,
This joyous day to song be given;
For the bright eagle's waving wing
SHALL SWEEP ANEW THE VAULT OF HEAVEN.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

No more the morning breaks serene,
Mid icy *Winter's* joyless scene,
Where, hush'd in long repose,
The milder beauties cease to play,
And stern *December* rules the day,
Cold on his throne of snows.

Be calm, ye winds!—ye floods that roar,
With softest foot-step press the shore.

Ye storms by winter whirl'd,
Smooth every harsh discordant sound,
And whisper as ye travel round,
A SAVIOUR to the world.

High thron'd in uncreated light,
Too dazzling for an angel's sight,
The self-existent GOD
On mercy's swiftest pinions flew;
Assum'd our guilt—our nature too,
And sunk beneath the load.

All hail to that propitious morn
That saw the blest MESSIAH born,
And bade the tidings fly;
Let annual songs forever roll—
Loud pæans ring from pole to pole,
And rend the yielding sky.

Ye seraphs wake the joyous song.
And waft the silver notes along,
In strains that never cloy:
Let all that live, and breathe, and move,
Conspire to sound redeeming love,
And swell the hymn of joy.

Ye angels strike the lofty lyre,
Till worlds shall catch the sacred fire,
And heav'n with echoes ring:
Wave, cherubs! wave your wings of gold,
And wide your flaming plumes unfold,
To Zion's conq'ring King.

He, from the realms of woe beneath,
Triumphant o'er the shaft of death

And the strong pow'rs of hell,
Crush'd Satan's empire as he rose.
And trampled down a host of foes,
That mock'd him as he fell.

When future years that know no bound,
Shall run their everlasting round,
His sceptre, still secure,
Shall wave o'er all the worlds above,
Supported by his Father's love,
And long as his endure.

The SON of David holds the keys
Of hell, and opens when he please
The dark, infernal space;
Coeval with his father's days,
His throne amid the stars shall blaze;
With new-reflected grace.

Then let the songs of angels wake,
And saints with holy zeal partake,
The music to prolong:
Let heav'en and earth with shouts combine,
And all created nature join
The UNIVERSAL SONG.

THE subject of the following Ode is terribly hackneyed, and I know not but every *Poet* and *Poetess* from Homer down to the most contemptible quill-driver of the nineteenth century has chaunted the funeral dirge of AUTUMN. The deep tinged tresses of the yellow Goddess have never failed to captivate the family of the Muses; and when those

tresses have been clipped by the shears of destiny, their harmonious throats have united in a scream of anguish, compar'd with which the frenzied exclamations of despairing lovers, bewailing the inconstancy of some fickle Dulcinea are faint and feeble. The tear of unavailing sorrow has been poured in poetic profusion on the urn that embosomed her ashes—Nor have they paused here: A transition has not unfrequently been made from the life-infusing charms of Autumn to Winter, frightful as the *Witch of Endor*, whom they represented as trailing storms, and tempests and desolation in his rear —Some of the productions of this stamp, much to credit of their respective authors, have journeyed to the ocean of oblivion and are at rest. Others have borne, and will forever bear, the rich insignia of immortality.—Now to the frozen ghost of Autumn, naked and shivering in the chilly winds of Winter, *my Muse* proceeds to yield her tribute.

O D E.

RULER of storms, my muse inspire,
Breathe furious on my youthful lyre;
And oh! terrific King, impart
One new pulsation to my heart;
That thus my inexperienc'd verse
May roll in measur'd cadence fierce.
For, torn by every sweeping blast,
The leaves of Autumn perish fast.

Dark whirl-winds travel round the pole,
Unceasing storms and tempests roll;
Grim spectres howl; along the vale
A thousand dusky vapours sail;
Heard far away, old Ocean's roar
Rebellows to the listening shore;
The furies yell a dismal sound,
And walk their pestilential round.

No more the Naiads of the stream
Shall wake the Poet's tender theme,
No husbandman at early morn
Survey the standing hills of corn;
The yellow harvest wave no more,
To bless the reaper with its store.
The wood-land songsters late so gay,
No longer warble from the spray;
Melodious sounds have ceased to flow,
And all is solitude and woe.

Where, lovely Autumn, tell me now,
Is thy bright hair—thy sunny brow?
Are not thy yellow ringlets shorn?
Is not thy faded mantle torn?
Are not thy virgin graces fled—
The vales dis rob'd— thy verdure dead?
And does not winter on thy rear
Press fierce and fast to close the year?
He does—and his relentless storm
Shall visit thy unfriended form.
As Spring, to give the summer place,
Veils all the beauties of his face;
For thee as Summer flies the plain,
With all his love inspiring train:

So thou at last shalt yield thy ray,
And unregarded pass away.

Ruler of storms once more attend!
Swift on thy car of night descend—
And in thy visionary train
Let countless spectres sweep the plain;
Amid the lean and haggard band
Let Ruin's awful Angel stand,
Commission'd from th' Almighty Throne
To mar the universe alone.

On yonder venerable pile
Where first the rays of morning smile;
There bid the *fiend* with joy elate
Inscribe the stern decrees of fate;
And let the characters they bear
In living rows be pencil'd there.

INSCRIPTION.

"Ye nations of the earth, come view
"The lines that Ruin's pencil drew:
"'Twas he creation's dome survey'd
"Before the edifice was made,
"And stamp'd on Nature's steady wheel
"His own irrevocable seal.—
"Awhile in slumbers all serene;
"He waits the dread the closing scene,
"Yet will he wake—no more to rest,
"And rearing his gigantic crest
"Put forth his hand to quench the Sun,
"And say to Time thy "race is run."

TO GRIEF—AN IRREGULAR ODE.

WITCH of Endor! spare, oh! spare
The blossoms of the spring:
Wrinkled Sybil! oh, forbear
In thy dismal cave to share,
Tainted by thy murky air,
The spoils of RUIN'S KING.

Beauty's cheek, its roses blighted,
Pale, and wan, and with'ring seems;
Love's bright eye, by thee benighted,
Quiv'ring, darts its transient gleams.

Wheresoe'er thy foot has pass'd
Wheresoe'er thy form reclin'd—
The bloom of youth has faded fast,
And left no trace behind.

Haggard Mis'ry, rankling Care,
Thy accurs'd companions are:
Ghastly wrinkles, woe-bedight,
Foul and loathsome to the sight.
A band of furies in thy front appear,
And grisly skeletons in rear.

Consuming Shame, that never knows
The blessings of a short repose;
Corroding Anguish, fierce and strong,
That sweeps the tide of life along;
Swift t' obey thy stern command,
With wakeful Melancholly stand.

If e'er, to ease my tortur'd soul,
I fly to Bacchus' foaming bowl,
To quench my sorrows there,
Thine eye, relentless, on me frowns;
While *mine* its deadly influence owns,
And closes in despair.

Disease stands foremost in thy train,
And squallid Poverty and Pain
Their throne of adamant maintain,
And spend their fiercest rage;
Life's op'ning volume, new and bright,
They tarnish, with a rude delight,
And blot its fairest page.

'Twas thus a book, with genius grac'd,
The spoiler ev'ry leaf defac'd,
And laid its early treasures waste,
Then crush'd fair Friendship's flow'r;
Triumphant Envy, smiling, sprung,
The hiss of snakes deform'd her tongue;
She saw me friendless—saw me young,
Her blasted hand my bosom wrung,
A bosom form'd for woe:
Then grasp'd her sceptre and her pow'r,
And bade each swift-revolving hour
My hopes of happiness devour.

Witch of Endor! spare, oh! spare
The blossoms of the spring;
Wrinkled Sybil oh, forbear,
In thy dismal cave to share,
Tainted by thy murky air,
The spoils of Ruin's King.

LINES

To the Memory of General PIKE and Captain LAWRENCE, written for the 4th July, 1813.

On this auspicious—this eventful day,
The bleeding hero claims the muse's lay ;
Hail, gallant Pike ! who, on a foreign shore,
Thy country's vengeance and her mandates bore :
Thy ardent spirit nobly led the van,
And fought and conquer'd for the rights of man.
Thine was the heart with patriot virtue steel'd,
And thine the arm the avenging sword to wield.
Thy great example youthful heroes fir'd—
They saw thee, lov'd thee, and thy deeds admir'd.
In victory's hour, what though the insidious foe
To blast thy laurels aim'd a deadly blow ;
Ere yet in death thy beaming eye was closed,
Ere in the tomb thy patriot form reposed ;
The British standard 'neath thy head was laid
And proudly glow'd amid life's closing shade !
O, when in death, a hero's head lies low,
The well earn'd banner of a conquer'd foe
Shall form the softest pillow e'er he prest,
And calm as infancy, he'll sink to rest !

Is there a youth who hears the bard to-night
So lost to fame, who would not dare the fight ?
Who does not wish his country's blows to strike
And die immortal—like *immortal* PIKE ?
Who does not wish to gain the glorious meed ;
Who does not wish in honor's field to bleed ?
Who does not wish to earn himself a name

And make his exit in a blaze of Fame?

If such there are—for them no laurels bloom:
Eternal night sits heavy on their tomb:
They leave behind no trophies when they fall,
And the black withering cypress shades them all!

Victorious LAWRENCE, in thy noon of life,
Thine was the fate to fall in deadly strife;
And while the thunder of the battle roar'd
Thy blood in freedom's sacred cause was pour'd—
When conquest sat upon thy foeman's crest,
And war's dread storm was hush'd at last, to rest,
In deepest anguish round thy hallow'd bier,
He heav'd the sigh and shed the heartfelt tear,
Thy country's honor'd flag, he made thy pall,
And strangers wept to see a warrior fall!

"O save the ship," he cried, with parting breath,
'And nobly triumph'd in the hour of death:
'Twas then the patriot and the hero shone,
And glory own'd him for her favorite son:
As when the Summer's orb, descending bright,
Throws wide his beams and gilds th' approaching night
Then calm at length, concentres all his rays
To one bright point, and pours the gather'd blaze;
So sunk the hero to his honor'd bed,
Fame's holiest *halo* playing round his head.

May future PIKES in one long line descend
And the illustrious phalanx never end:
May future heroes equal honors claim,
Like *him* deserve them—and partake *his* fame,
Unconquer'd spirits still untaught to yield;

To point the way and guide the embattled field;
To pour destructive, when in war they close,
Their country's thunder on their country's foes:
May future LAWRENCES, a gallant band,
Firm in the cause of freedom ever stand,
And still like him, if in the fight they fall,
A nation's tears bedew their funeral pall:
And, O may God, the God of battles give
Columbia's name through distant years to live:
Her starry flag in every sea sublime
To stream unfading to the end of time!

LINES

On reading the account of the British cruelties practised at Hampton, Virginia.

O! for the spirits of our ancestors,
Cool and collected, in the hour of battle;
Unshrinking fortitude and patience still
Subduing all things—in all unsubdued—
But chief for *Union*, is the Patriot's wish:
That moral bond that clasps society
And holds it firm within its golden chain;
Curst is that nation, when its sons divide
In war—and basely palter for an *office*!
What lack we now but resolution,
A fixed, determined purpose of the soul
To drive these dastards back.—On their foul crests
To write disgrace and shame—a *nation's* shame?

Our cause is just, for 'tis the cause of freedom,
And Heaven that watches all the deeds of men,
Propitious leaning to the side of virtue,
Approves the conflict when a suffering people
Arm in defence of their eternal rights—
When the lone sea-boy, as he climbs the mast,
Casts one fond, lingering look, towards his home,
While recollections of endearing love,
A mother's kindness, and a father's care,
Like dreams of yesterday, are half defac'd
In present sufferings—dread of ills to come—
Of prison-ships, of scourges and of death;
And the fond parents of a hopeful son
By one foul deed made childless—he an orphan,
Cast friendless on the deep—compelled to fight
The savage battles of his mortal foe,
Whose lust, cupidity, ambition, wage
War on the innocence of half mankind—
And he revolving his unhappy fate,
Sits watching the pale moon, himself as pale;
Her silver light sole witness to his woes;
No ear to treasure up his sad complaints,
But heaven's all-hearing one—No tongue to speak
For the poor sailor and to soothe his anguish;
When thoughts like these rush dreadful on his mind,
Dwell in his soul, and drive him to distraction:
When female chastity is render'd up
To loose, unbridled lust, and beauty fails
To awe licentiousness—when youth and age
In one wide ruin undistinguish'd fall;—
Mothers and wives dragg'd from their peaceful homes
Are ravish'd brutal in the face of day,

And all the kindred ties of social life
Are cut asunder by a villain's sword;—
Domestic happiness—connubial joys,
Fall at a single stroke—then—then's the time
To bid the trumpet ring its deadliest note
Of war and carnage—to let the loud drum strike,
And on the sacred altar of our country
To swear by him who made this Nation free,
The sword unsheath'd to wear till on the foe
Most fearful it descends—To hunt him still
At sea—on shore—at midnight and at noon,
Through all his walks—his secret paths explore;
And trace him in the dusky wilderness,
Till we have scourged him to a sense of duty,
And taken vengeance equal to our wrongs!—
May Heaven in judgment still direct the ball
To pierce that coward's heart who *will* not—*dare* not
SWEAR TO PRESERVE HIS COUNTRY'S FAME—or *perish*!

IMPROMPTU.

On hearing of the commitment to Gaol of a Tin Pedlar from Connecticut, for a contempt in a Justice's Court, while the character of the committing Magistrate was as much beneath *contempt*, as his looks were inferior to the rest of his species,

HE treated with contempt! 'Tis most absurd—
I can't believe the story, on my word:
Yet if 'tis so, 'tis surely wondrous odd
T' impose a fine for what began with God!
For 'twas the *Great Creator*, at his birth,

Gave the first impulse to this son of Earth,
When Parent Nature in his eye design'd
A *squinting index* to a *squinting mind*—
A Soul to roost upon a needle's point,
And skill to find in *Fleas*, the smallest joint,
Bless'd with a microscopic power to trace
The devious windings of the insect race
And nerved with strength sufficient to defy
And join in mortal combat with a *fly*,
Whose powers concentred in one mighty whole
Formed but a single point—a speck of soul;
'Twas then that fate pronounc'd the stern decree,
When from his mother's womb, the Goddess set him free;
Declar'd he was a pigmy void of sense,
And told the world to *laugh at his expense!*

Then sure the Pedlar ought to be acquitted;
Not like a Felon to the Gaol committed.
Had it been my case not one Gaol should hold me
For doing only what the goddess told me
Pedlars are men of feeling—lively folks,
And sure they can't withstand *Dame Nature's jokes!*

IMPROMPTU.

On reading a paragraph in a Morning paper, in which the writer suggested his fears that the Eastern Federalists would succeed in their plan for dividing the Union.

While our Statesmen and Patriots still true to the stuff,
Fill their *hearts* with despair—and their *noses* with snuff;

When they think how the *Essex-Men* always endeavour,
The chain of our Union like traitors to sever ;
I can't but reflect when I see their distress,
That 'twould be quite as well if they snivelled some less,
For the project is simple, it must be decided
To *cut up* a country, already *divided* !

ODE TO MARCH.

Fly ! Growler, fly ! our shores forsake,
Thy frosty troops withdraw ;
Far North thy shivering journey take
And let creation thaw !

I long to see the lambkins skip
Beneath an April Sun ;
While light, fantastic fairies trip
Partakers of their fun.

Then, growler, fly ! our shores forsake,
Thy frosty troops withdraw ;
Far North thy shivering journey take
And let creation thaw !

Go range amid the polar snows,
And leave our streams and vales ;
Give Birds a chance to *warm their toes*
And Fish to *wag their tails* !

NOVEMBER.

Did you hear the rough blast as it whistled along,
And see the white leaf as it shook on the tree ?

O yes! and I heard the sweet swallow's death song,
And I saw that 'twas night o'er the mountain and lea!

Did you see a dark form with his bosom uncovered
Glide by like a ghost from the regions below?
Yes—and thickly around him, the chilling mists hover'd,
And he look'd to my eye like the genius of woe.

O tell if his beard was all grisly and thin,
And if grey were the ringlets that shaded his face;
Did an icicle hang at the end of his chin,
And the furrows of Winter, his withered cheek trace?

'Tis the wizard *November*, he comes to destroy,
The blithe sunny Autumn that laughs in the glade;
Adieu then to groves and to each rural joy,
The pleasures of sunshine and fountain and shade!

Yet Spring shall awake and lead on the soft hours,
And each lonely valley shall fan with its breath;
All Nature revive—but ah! where are the flowers
To start up and bloom in the darkness of death!

THE APPARITION.

When Phœbus, journeying down the west,
Had reach'd his place of evening rest,
And darker shadows of the night
Obscur'd the fading rays of light,
While here and there a friendly star
Was seen to twinkle from afar,
And hill and valley, lake and stream,
Illume with its refreshing beam,
I wander'd to a river's brink,
Whose waves the southern waters drink;

For, freed from day's hard toil, I sought
The peaceful solitude of thought;
And there, beneath a spreading yew,
Myself in easy posture threw:
Harmonious all my pulses beat,
As I survey'd this calm retreat;
The warring winds, from either shore,
Had ceas'd their melancholy roar,
Hush'd to repose, the savage gale
Lay slumb'ring in the dewy vale,
And breathing zephyrs mildly fann'd
The distant ocean and the land.

But soon the pleasing scene was o'er,
And charm'd the eye—the ear no more:
The sky with gloom grew overcast,
And hoarsly howl'd the hollow blast;
Dark tints the face of Heav'n o'erspread,
That midnight from its pinions shed;
And prone, creation to deform,
At distance roar'd the gath'ring storm,
That, heard in sadly solemn strain,
Was echo'd by the hills again.
The thunder utter'd forth his sound,
And frequent lightnings blaz'd around;
Fierce whirlwinds rag'd without controul,
The sleeping surge began to roll,
And, 'mid the elemental roar,
March furious to the pebbly shore—
When sudden stalk'd, before my eyes,
A hideous form of giant size.

'Twas LUXURY! detested sprite,

Borne heavy on the wing of night:
Sedate and musing seem'd the shade,
And slow his length of shape display'd—
A zone of silver clasp'd his waist,
A silken robe his shoulders grac'd,
Thick wreaths of vines his temples bound,
And glossy vestments girt him round.
His eye, that rheum incessant shed,
Was parti-colour'd—grey and red;
His cheeks disclos'd a sallow hue,
And both had bid the ROSE adieu;
The skin hung loose upon his face,
Corroding furrows mark'd the place;
And, downward o'er each ridgy fold,
The tear of vain repentance roll'd;
Time's pencil, on his forehead's page,
Had sketch'd the lines of latest age.
Accoutred thus the phantom stood,
And wav'd his sceptre o'er the flood;
The angry flood was troubled wide,
And floating on its ceaseless tide,
A thousand vain illusive swarms
Of pale and visionary forms,
Disease the sire, of grief and pain,
With fate and physic in his train.—
In one dread phalanx, instant rose
With all the family of woes—
He beckon'd each, and at his call,
With simultaneous motion, all
Around the obedient shadows drew,
And thus he spake the haggard crew:

"Go forth, my sons—my well-belov'd,
"By all the infernal thrones approv'd;

" And all your dread decrees obey'd :
" Go—touch the cheek of roseate glow,
" There bid the sickly lily blow—
" For health, the languid flush impart,
" And canker youth's unguarded heart ;
" Wake savage discord—murd'ring strife—
" Go—tread the round of human life."

He said : and mindful of his word,
The ghastly band obey'd their lord,
And, scouring furious on the wing,
Perform'd the mandates of their king,
The SPECTRE now, with lifted crest,
Survey'd at once each willing pest ;
He saw DISCORD, with flag unfurl'd,
Securely stalk around the world—
CONSUMPTION yield his putrid breath,
And wheezing ASTHMA gasp in death—
Fierce scorching FEVERS, for a space,
Devour the hapless human race ;
'Till all, at last, that life could show
Was one unmingled scene of woe.

'TIS DONE ! 'TIS DONE ! the phantom cried,
And shook the distant mountain's side.
Again the furious whirlwind blew—
Again the forky lightnings flew—
The thunder's voice was heard again,
Resounding solemn o'er the plain.
A deadly shriek the SPECTRE gave,
And, groaning, plung'd beneath the wave.

ADDRESS

OF THE CARRIER OF THE

NORTHERN BUDGET,

TO ITS PATRONS.

Old Time's but a speck on eternity's map,
And mortals may find, to their sorrow,
That Grandfather Fate, a most whimsical chap,
May wipe it away by to-morrow.

But Fancy has lent to the atom a shape,
And a droller there never was seen—
A long pair of arms, like the arms of an ape,
With an hour-glass hanging between.

On his smooth-pictur'd pinions the Seasons are drawn;
And he shakes from his wings, as he flies,
Alike the bright dew-drop that glows in the lawn,
And the snow-drop, the child of the skies.

The zephyr is his, and the cool winn'wing gale,
That fans, with mild breath, the green grove:
His the delicate fragrance perfuming the vale.
And his the soft moments of love.

His the blast of December, insultingly blown;
At his mandate the breezes expand;
He reaches abroad to each far-stretching zone,
And he poises the storms in his hand.

He bids the fierce whirlwind with fury arise,
And the whirlwind obeys his decree;
At the sound of his voice the dread hurricane flies,
He's the lord of the land and the sea.

At his side a huge scythe, with its edge newly set,
Forever uplifted is found ;
Its blade in the life-blood of mortals is wet,
And he howls as they sink to the ground.

He's the changeable sire of the swift-rolling year ;
In him all the seasons combine :
Then join me, kind patrons, to hail with a cheer,
His Son, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND NINE.

Let the Tyrants of Europe in martial array,
With the standards of conquest unfurl'd,
Sweep the visible land-marks of empire away,
And blast the political world :

Let torrents of crimson each plain overspread,
Every vestige of Liberty fall ;
And the Demon of anarchy rise in its stead
O'er the wide-wasting ruins of all :

Let the realms of the East, at the dawn of the sun,
To the horrors of carnage awake ;
And the latest of ages till Time shall be done
Of the ruinous slaughter partake.

To their blood-written charter, inscrib'd with a spear,
To the story their archives unfold ;
To the name of each patriot that mem'ry holds dear,
And the tales by their fore-fathers told.

To the ark of their freedom, their altar, their shrine,
If the sons of Columbia attend,
In vain shall the millions of Europe combine,
Though Demons those millions befriend,

Not the faulchion that waves in the desolate field,
Nor the gleam of the helmet afar—
Nor the broad-spreading blaze of the warrior's shield,
Nor the merciless ravage of war—

Shall destroy the rich blessings our fore-fathers gave us;
Since the sword on the thigh of each valiant descendant
Shall lop off the Despot that strives to enslave us,
And Columbia for ages remain independent.

Like a rock seated strong in the midst of the ocean
She'll brave the dark tempest, sublime;
United survive trans-atlantic commotion,
And flourish coeval with Time.

Her Eagle aloft in the regions on high,
Her plumage shall proudly display;
Shall wave her bright wings mid the blaze of the sky,
And soar in the splendor of day.

To you, my kind PATRONS, this wish is address'd,
As it flows from a bosom sincere:
On the soft downy pillow of peace may you rest,
And each find A HAPPY NEW-YEAR.

May your friendship benign ever light up a ray,
The tear of the wretched to dry;
And your virtue still brightly illumine the way
That leads to a seat in the sky.

May health with its roses—a plentiful store,
To each of your dwellings repair,
And your journey of life, till that journey is o'er,
Be free from vexation and care.

If Money has dwindled, let merit increase,
Make charity current like cash;
Let the merciless rage of the usurer cease,
And away with his mountains of trash.

The smile of good-nature is better than gold,
And one eye-drop by pity impearl'd,
Treasur'd warm from the tear-moisten'd cheek as it roll'd,
Is the choicest of gems in the world.

As the sun, when he shines in the strength of his light,
Still journeying down to the west,
May the lamp of your days be as clear and as bright.
And as tranquil your evening of rest.

And, O! may the future—scenes joyous restore,
Till the pulses of life still their uniform motion;
And Time, when he reaches eternity's shore;
Shall sink to repose in its measureless ocean.

January 1st, 1809.

SONG,

WRITTEN FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1809.

In the volume of fate, as the book was unfolded,
Long ages before the creation;
Twelve* letters of gold on its pages were writ,
Which predicted the birth of a nation.

CHORUS.

Here's a sigh for our heroes who perish'd with glory,
And a song for our statesmen immortal in story;

* INDEPENDANCE.

Here's a health to each friend that loves social communion,
And a health to the sage who presides o'er the Union.

" Unsullied by faction and lasting as time,
" Let the empire of freedom extend ;
" 'Till it circle each region—enliven each clime,
" And peace with mild liberty blend."
Here's a sigh, &c.

Thus spake the Almighty, the fiat went forth,
Mid joyous and loud acclamations ;
Columbia awoke—she asserted her birth,
And rose to a seat with the nations.
Here's a sigh, &c.

Her freedom achieved, and conquer'd her foes,
As the standard of triumph unfurl'd ;
Resplendent with brightness her day-star arose,
And its lustre blaz'd full on the world.
Here's a sigh, &c.

Columbia's mild genius stood firm on the strand,
As he trod the rough sea-beaten shore ;
The spear and the olive branch wav'd in his hand,
The emblem of peace and of war.
Here's a sigh, &c.

On the foaming Atlantic he darted a look,
And the flash of his eye was severe ;
He stamp'd, and the waves of old Ocean were shook ;
He frown'd—and the sky dropp'd a tear.
Here's a sigh, &c.

For he saw with regret a piratical band,
Usurp father NEPTUNE's domain;
The trident was snatch'd from the grasp of his hand,
And his surges were mark'd with a stain.
Here's a sigh, &c.

"O, my country, he cried, as he lifted his spear,
"Ere thy race of existence is run;
"The glad millions of Europe thy laws shall revere,
"And warm in the glow of thy sun.
Here's a sigh, &c.

"Be thine the mild era of reason and truth,
"Thy empire exalted and free;
"And oh! may the angel who nourish'd in *youth*,
"In *age* guard thy liberty tree.
Here's a sigh, &c.

"Blow, blow, ye soft breezes! ye zephyrs awake!
"And ye storms round the hemisphere hurl'd,
"Conspire with the roar of the whirlwind to make
"Columbia the pride of the world.
Here's a sigh, &c.

"Let furthermost India her luxuries send—
"Her tribute let Africa roll;
"And the wide-waving wings of thy commerce extend,
"'Till they darken the snows of the Pole."
Here's a sigh, &c.

He ceas'd—and the canvass was bent to the gale—
The sheet o'er the billow was spread;
And the winds with their music breath'd full in the sail,
When the cloud bearing tempest had fled.
Here's a sigh, &c.

The tyrants no more, of the ocean and land,
Columbia's free sons shall enslave;
Secure on their own native soil shall they stand,
Or ride in the foam of the wave.
Here's a sigh, &c.

In the firm, stately ark which our forefather's rear'd,
We fear no disastrous presages,
Our charter protected—our rights unimpair'd,
Shall descend to remotest of ages.
Here's a sigh, &c.

When the spirits of freedom in vengeance shall rush,
And crumble proud empires to dust;
Undismay'd and serene mid the horrible crush,
In the arm of JEHOVAH we'll trust.
Here's a sigh, &c.

And when swift descending to regions of sorrow,
Their tyrants shall shrink in dismay;
The lamp that still guides us will guide us to-morrow,
And shine full as bright as to-day,
Here's a sigh, &c.

We will follow fair freedom wherever she goes—
And, led by the light of her star,
In the lap of the goddess securely repose,
From the wide-wasting horrors of war.—
Here's a sigh, &c.

'Till TIME from his glass the last sand shall have shaken
And reaching his Goal in the west;
By Eternity's dark rolling tide overtaken,
He sinks in its ocean to rest.
Here's a sigh, &c.

THE SUICIDE.

ALONE and unfriended, far distant from home,
A wanderer shelterless went;
To the shore of the Ocean, still whitened with foam,
Though the storm that had rais'd it was spent.

He gaz'd, with mad ecstacy gaz'd, on the sky,
And frantic his eye darkly roll'd;
Not a footstep was heard on the beach to pass by,
And the night-wind blew deadly and cold.

For the morning of life, or its evening serene,
He despair'd of its cherubim glow,
Since the clouds of misfortune had chequer'd the scene,
And his heart was the DIAL OF WOE.

He seem'd as in youth, when its minutes run fast,
To fly from affliction's keen rage;
And the flush of its roses is wither'd at last,
In the winter of premature age.

A sigh from his bosom, the passing winds stole;
'Twas the sigh which affection imparts,
When its fond, fleeting visions, rush full on the soul,
And we taste rich BANQUET OF HEARTS.

The splendor of wealth—O! 'twas nothing to him,
If to *Mammon* a slave he must prove;
And the torch that illumin'd his footsteps' was dim,
Unless lit at the altar of love.

Ambition was trifling, compar'd with content,
Mid the raptures of conjugal bliss;
And the choicest of blessings to mortals e'er lent,
Was the blessing contain'd in a KISS!

He lov'd—was belov'd, and his cup overflow'd;
His measure of joy was complete;
For his LAURA the balsam of life had bestow'd,
And she smooth'd its rough path to his feet.

But her spirit had fled from this region of sorrow,
The sweets of Elysium to prove,
Where *to-day's* hapless victims, and those of *to-morrow*,
Exist, everlasting, above.

And still, as he wept, broken hearted, forlorn,
He fancied he saw her lov'd sprite
By the flourishing phantoms of eve dimly borne
On the dusky pavilion of night.

His visage grew pale—for he long'd to embrace;
And he stretch'd out his arms for the clasp;
But a foul, murky cloud, overshadow'd her face,
And the virgin eluded his grasp.

Then down from a cliff, that stood mocking the storm,
Lifting cheerless its mist-cover'd brow,
He sprang, to the bosom of THETIS, so warm:
He smil'd as her azure waves circled his form;
Around him green sea-nymphs did mournfully swarm;
The goddess of waters had heard his fond vow,
And she spread her blue mantle to shelter him now:
Serene seem'd this victim of love and devotion,
As he sunk to repose, through the foam of the ocean.

LINES,

On reading some sixty or seventy Toasts, published in the paper called the "Troy Gazette," to give energy and embellishment to which, Milton's immortal poem, "*Paradise Lost*," was ransacked from its centre to its circumference; and now and then a *rose* was culled from that great parterre of flowers, to be offered up as incense to the nostrils of Federalism—And here and there a *thorn* was carefully selected from its ample shrubbery to wound the bare and bleeding toes of stubborn and incorrigible democracy.

IMMORTAL *Milton!* couldst thou now awake
From death's sound sleep and hover round *Sand Lake*;
Or rather, bard, permit me here to say,
Could thy great spirit freed from cumb'ring clay
Sublimely soaring mid the fields of light,
And sharp as *Scotchmen* bless'd with second sight,
Have viewed, thro' some small crack in Heaven's floor,
Our natal morn—and heard our cannon roar;
Could but thy ear the magic sound have caught,
Which travelled swifter than the range of thought;
Or had thy sturdy pinions stretch'd away
And fluttered where the Owls of Greenbush play—
A set of merry rogues thou might'st have seen,
Surcharged with fancy and surcharged with spleen;
Good-natured wags in number full a score,
And Trojan *waglings* half as many more,
All met, the bread of liberty to munch,
And eke to guzzle her inspiring punch;

T' indulge in festive patriotic glee,
And quote wise sayings from themselves and thee!

Lo! lisping youth, thy epic strains rehearse
And maids and matrons kindle at thy verse!
Lo! grey-beard Age thy genial influence feels;
His head grows dizzy and his carcase reels:*
Lo! cold December lifts his icy paw,
As thy warm rays the snows of three score thaw;
And claiming equal vigor with his son,
He leaps from sixty back to twenty-one.
Such are thy various powers, by all confess'd.
Millions have said it—I among the rest.
Lo! from the rapture of thy fond embrace,
Bright rays of genius playing round each face,
Full many a coxcomb animated starts,
And gravely fancies he's a man of *parts;*
Rank, beastly ignorance, forgets to snore,
And heavy dulness wakes to drowse no more:
These grow (so heaven ordains such humble tools)
If not to poet's, yet to poet's fools,
Transformed in one short moment from a dunce,
Each stalks a tall Colossal wit at once,

* This was actually the case at Sand Lake, where an elderly man (at the moment he was wishing Democracy at the bottom of the Red Sea) happened to take a peep into "Paradise Lost," and the striking resemblance which Milton's Devils had to some leading Republicans in this country, gave his holiness the fidgets. He fell senseless to the floor, and when raised by the assistance of his friends, could only articulate these two words—Da a-a-mn Je-e-ef-ferson.—In this alarming situation he was conveyed in a waggon from the field of action. He was literally "*overcome by the operation of the spirit.*"

And wisely deeming robbery no crime,
He grows at once felonious and sublime.

Lo ! at thy death what mighty whitlings rose,
Some famed in verse and others fam'd in prose:
Thy more than Phœnix ashes pregnant grew;
The bird of Genius hatch'd itself anew,
And, borne on pinions famed for swiftest flight,
Explor'd the chaos of the soul's dim night.
Thro' intellectual regions took a cruise,
And flew as long as flying was of use:
Increasing speed expanded all her views,
And home she flapp'd to tell the pleasing news,
Her science wing'd and by her breath inspir'd,
No danger palsied, and no ardor tir'd :
But seated snug on *Learning's* awful throne,
She call'd the wide Creation all her own.
Sacred to her, the daring journey o'er,
Tall altars stretch'd themselves in days of yore:
Virgins the priestesses, young boys the priests,
All sacrificing with the blood of beasts ;
The crimson incense to Parnassus rose;
Apollo snuff'd it with his grateful nose,
And round each urn the consecrated smoke
In curling volumes quiver'd as it broke.
Not such the incense of these later days,
Nor such the holy altars which we raise.
'Tis by all modern authors understood
That nothing modern can be wise or good—
And hence the Phœnix of long ages past,
To a plain fowl degenerates at last;
From the rais'd dung-hill picks his daily food,

And cackles harmless mid the cackling brood ;
A feathery vest his golden robe supplies,
And unfledg'd troops of chickens round him rise,
Break if he breaks, keep if he keeps, their peace—
Crow when he crows, and when he ceases, cease,

Colossal bard ! of bards the very best ;
I pardon ask for having thus digress'd :
And to the unyielding laws of Satire true,
My painful journey to *Sand-Lake* pursue.
Had but thine eyes that glorious place survey'd
And met the splendor of the grand parade;
Seen sapient wisdom poring o'er thy book,*
High-season'd dishes of thy muse to cook :
Invoke the labors of poetic Ghosts,
And plunder coffins for a set of *toasts :*
Make one excursion to the fields of sense
And drag some prisoner-couplet bleeding thence,
Destined to bear on that immortal day
The palm of genius and of wit away ;
And 'neath the flag by freedom's hand unfurl'd,
Sublimely squeak resentment round the world—
How would thy hair, rais'd by the voice of praise,
Poke thro' thy hat and point a thousand ways !
Thy bearded chin would rival fairy-land,
And stiff with wonder every bristle stand.

Colossal bard ! thy trophies are complete,
Thou'rt EVERLASTING now from head to feet;
Unsullied patriots on thy epic lyre
Thump with their fists extracting civic fire
And from the volume of thy riper years

* Paradise lost.

They call a toast—and lo! a toast appears,
As apropos to all intents, I swear,
As to a BALD HEAD is a *wig of hair.*

Rest, mighty shade, and triumph in thy fame,
For pious *Greenbush* shall preserve thy name—
Her magic pen thy glories shall enroll,
And place them foremost on her deathless scroll;
Nor to thyself alone her cares extend,
But guard thy long succession till it end.
Poetic ROOSTERS shall her dung-hills share,
And *cuck-a-doodle* unmolested there!

HYMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1812.

O, for proud Valor's hymn!
O, for a song of flame!
Let sages, patriots, heroes join,
And give the day to fame!

'Tis done—the war-blast wakes—
Strike—and the foe shall yield!
For glorious the morning breaks
That calls us to the field!

The GOD who gave our sires
The battle-ground to try,
The sons of heroes still inspires
To conquer or to die!

Around each patriots' urn,
The work shall be begun;

There spring the flame for aye to burn
As quenchless as the sun!

Our Eagle in her might
Shall hold her glorious way,
And radiant from her throne of light
Stoop and devour her prey.

Ocean's dread queen must weep
O'er many a hero's grave,
And think upon her sons that sleep
Beneath the foaming wave.

Should France persist in wrong
We'll quick dissolve the charm:
We'll let the giant know we're strong,
When justice bids us arm!

The Gallic cock must cow'r,
The British lion roar,
Millions of Freemen wait the hour,
To drive them from our shore.

In union firmly twin'd—
On freedom's glorious rock,
Against a world in arms combin'd
We'll stand and brave the shock.

Time as he runs his round,
Shall smite the links in vain,
Nor sharp enough one sword be found
To cut the eternal chain!

THE NEWS-BOY'S ADDRESS,

To the Patrons of the

FARMERS' REGISTER.

THE blast of WINTER roars aloud,
And, drest in midnight's sable shroud,
The genius of the dusky storm
Uprears his fierce, terrific form ;
His pond'rous spear he deigns to shake,
And thousand slumb'ring demons wake :—
Athwart the sky grim tempests roll,
And stretch their wings to either pole ;
The gloom of night foul shades prolong,
And, hush'd is music's softest song,
While melancholy, weak and vain,
Asserts her visionary reign,
And scatters with capricious hand,
Her store of curses o'er the land—
Then fiends are seen in horrid dance,
And spectres into life advance ;
Thin apparitions nightly whirl'd,
Securely scour the lower world,
And ghosts to torment chain'd below,
Awake from dreams of deepest woe.

While frost his senses half benumbs,
To seek your smiles your News-Boy comes,
And bears along the beaten track,
His annual load upon his back :
'Tis chilly, and he 'sures his friends,
He feels it at his fingers' ends :

But, *Gold's* a cure for every ill,
And *Cash* the best physician still.
True to the *Printer's Devil's* cause,
And emulous of your applause,
He bends his meek, submissive form,
And braves the fury of the storm—
Then with a smile of joy sincere,
He wishes all A HAPPY YEAR.

Lo ! from the catalogue of years,
In haste another disappears.
And sturdy *Eighteen Hundred Eight*,
In ruin's store-house pours his freight.
The hours that wing'd him on his way—
The flitting moments dancing gay,
Have reach'd oblivion's silent shore,
And slumber to awake no more.

To Europe's climes we turn our eyes,
And lo ! what swarms of demons rise :—
There *War* infuriate takes his stand,
His bright spear glitters in his hand;
His streaming locks are purpled o'er,
And all his face deform'd with gore—
His beamy faulchion wide he waves,
And proudly walks upon the graves
Of slaughter'd millions. Fire and sword
Conspire to execute his word.
And PESTILENCE with putrid breath,
The ghastly pioneer of death.

But LIBERTY her seat afar
From fire and blood-shed, storms and war,

Her holy shrine secure has built,
Unstain'd with murder—free from guilt.
Columbia's soil the structure boasts,
She plants her standard on our coasts :—
Bids patriot virtue wide expand
Beneath the culture of her hand;—
The splendid domes of science rise,
And shoot their turrets to the skies :—
Here Arts' broad empire still unfolds,
As varying time forever rolls—
And annual Suns with joy behold
The waving harvest tipt with gold —
Girt with her soft and silver zone,
And firm on her unshaken throne,
Celestial PEACE, with cherub smile,
Rewards the happy lab'rer's toil :
Here social life sweet rapture gives,
And merit, merit's boon receives :
Here all possess what Nature gave,
And none to tyrants is a slave.

But hark, what sounds the welkin rend,*
What Patriot shouts to Heaven ascend,
See marshall'd forth in dire aray
Columbia's gallant streamers play :
The gathering tempest's angry form
Presages an approaching storm :—
The clarion peals its shrillest notes,
And high in air the music floats :—
Our rights, too long insulted, claim
The statesman's aid—the patriot's flame,
The hero's arm must strike the blow,
And heap destruction on the foe.

* On the prospect of War with G. Britain.

Should *War's* encrimson'd spear be hurl'd,
And tenfold carnage waste the world :—
Republics—Kingdoms fade away,
And Empires haste to swift decay ;
The labour'd works of ages past
Mix with the dust and moulder fast—
While round each spot by ruin prest,
The lonely birds of night shall nest,

And silver time shall oft repair
To shed his deep oblivion there—
The temple of our rights shall stand
Protected by th' Almighty's hand—
Centurial suns and years to come
Shall witness FREEDOM's latest home ;
Unsullied virtue stamp her reign,
And treason growl and bark in vain.

Kind PATRONS, hail !—Yet e'er we part,
Receive the wishes of my heart,
That drawn by Nature's pencil true,
Are breath'd forever warm for you.
As each revolving season past,
May each to come, securely last ;
May health, with all its roses crown'd,
And joy in one perpetual round ;
May friendship's smile serenely gay,
Illume the close of reason's day—
And, when the toils of life are o'er,
And gayest scenes delight no more,
May each with fervent hope impress'd,
Enjoy life's tranquil, evening rest—

Then wing'd by faith from earth's dull clod,
Spring to the BOSOM OF HIS GOD.

Troy, January 1, 1809.

ADDRESS

OF THE CARRIER OF THE

NORTHERN BUDGET,

TO ITS PATRONS.

O'ER the gloomy hills afar
The wint'ry blast is raving;
Dimly shines the evening star,
While storms the Sailor's braving.

Dark is ocean's angry wave,
Hoarse the murmur of the gale;
Fear unnerves the seaman brave,
While he trims the bending sail.

How the scenes of youth affect him!
How he fondly clings to life!
Guardian Angels! O protect him
'Till he greets his longing Wife!

'Till his babes shall prattle round him,
Holding converse with their friend;
Joy'd that they again have found him,
Pleas'd his counsels to attend.

Now, the friendly tribute paid,
Now the Sailor's suff'rings o'er,

Haste we to our PATRONS' aid,
Safely shelter'd on the shore.

'Tis our duty, gentle PATRONS,
When the year is out, to sing it;
And to Men, and Maids, and Matrons,
No New-Year comes—until we bring it..

'Tis we who watch the wheels of time;
'Tis we who mark their steady flight;
And then, in metre most sublime,
We give the new-born year to light.

Then since it is our favour'd lot,
Hear, all ye various sons of men,
And let it never be forgot
That this is EIGHTEEN HUNDRED TEN.

But lest our plain description savour
Of something that we dare not mention,
We'll strive to gain your gentle favour
By help of our sublime invention.

And since by custom and by trade
We are the Muses' near relation,
We choose to beg the LADIES' aid,
And thus we make our invocation.—

IMMORTAL GODDESSES! who sit
Firm on Parnassus' lofty mountain,
Who guard the sacred springs of wit,
And quaff the Heliconian fountain;

Inspire us with a New-Year's lay,
Than Orpheus' dulcet music sweeter;

And let it be our task to-day
To sing it in celestial metre.

Old Father TIME has run his round,
And brought about the changing Seasons;
And will again, we dare be bound
For very many weighty reasons.

His scythe he carried at his side,
A weapon not so very pleasant;
And cut last year, a swarth as wide
As he will dare to do the present.

In fine, his progress through the year,
'Till Eighteen hundred nine was o'er,
As very plainly doth appear,
Was much the same as heretofore.

His children, too, a motley band,
As usual, in their order ran,
And look'd for all the world as grand
As children, when they amble, can.

First Winter shook his grizzle beard,
And wav'd his sceptre o'er the plain;
The howl of storms awhile was heard,
And then the howl was still again.

He bound the globe in ICY chains,
By Nature's stern, unvarying law;
And had his labor for his pains:
The ICE was melted, by a—THAW.

Then Spring, his sister, danc'd along,
Gay as the boasted village Belle;

And sure we are no child of song
E'er smelt so sweet, or look'd so well.

No wrinkles mark'd her beauteous brow,
Her cheek no envious furrows tore,
And she appear'd exactly now
As she had done the YEAR BEFORE.

And gaily smiling as she tripp'd,
She op'd her soft delicious store;
No blossom shrunk—no flow'r was nipp'd,
Because the freezing nights were o'er.

Her joyous songsters from the spray
Sung the same notes—if not the words,
Which will be sung another day
By the same sort of singing BIRDS.

Thus life is one unceasing round,
And ever as its prospects change,
We welcome still each pleasing sound,
And tread anew each varying range.

Our moments, wing'd for distant flight,
Grow strong in their career;
And sweep into the vale of night
The remnant of the year.

Then ere we bid farewell and part,
Accept our humble lay;
Which gratitude, that warms the heart,
Obliges us to pay.

In one short word, we wish you health,
As we have done before,

Contentment, honour, ease and wealth—
And you can wish no more.

Troy, January 1, 1810.

ADDRESS

OF THE CARRIER OF THE

NORTHERN BUDGET,

TO ITS PATRONS.

To WRITE a *New-Year's Ode*—or not to write—that's the question!
Whether 'tis better in a printer's boy,
In dead of winter to go barefoot, and
Bare-headed also, to the driving storms,
Or seize the quill—whip off a *New-Year's Ode*,
And gather pence—To write an *ode*—
No more— and by that means to say we end
Those numerous wants that a half-starv'd apprentice
Is natural heir to—Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd.—*To write an ode!*
And get no CASH, perchance—Aye—there's the *rub!*
For, of that *ode* what trouble yet may come
When we have fairly shuffled off the same
Upon our *patrons*—still must give us pause!
There's the respect that makes a *printer's Devil*
Tread cautiously upon poetic ground,
And bear calamity like a stage-horse!
For where's the lad of mettle and of spirit,
Would bear the whips and kicks, and cuffs o' th' office,

Which young apprentices are sure to get—
His master's wrong—and even the old Post-Rider's
contumely—
The pangs of going barefoot—the shoe-maker's delay—
The insolence of the tailor—and the spurns
Of fifty dull mechanics in the street,
When he himself might get him a new suit
With a bare *New-Year's ode!* Who would carry papers,
And groan and sweat under the weary load
Of *News* collected from the spacious globe,
And but condens'd to be more widely spread,
If when he dealt his weekly Budget round
He did not from his customers expect
A trifling pittance as a New-Year's gift?
'Tis this that gives him courage thro' the year
And makes him rather bear those ills he has
Than fly to others which he knows not of!

Then, gentle patrons! as the year begins,
Bestow your *mite* upon the *Printer's Boy*,
For *poverty* makes cowards of us all!
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of famine!

I shall not wish you *health*—for health attends
On *temperance* and calm *sobriety*.
Be *calm* and *temperate*, then, and you'll be *happy*.

My business here is just to let you know
Old *Eighteen hundred Ten* is dead and buried—
Young *Eighteen hundred Eleven* holds his throne
In majesty—and by and by he'll vanish—
But, e'er the infant monarch shall depart,

Spring, *Summer*, *Autumn*, will appear and fade,
And *Winter* come again.

Meanwhile, if you could spare a little *Cash*
From enterprises of great pith and moment,
The various speculations of your trades,
I pray you to devote it unto *me*—
That I with joy against another year,
May put the semblance of a *Printer* on,
And lose the name of *Devil*.

January 1, 1811

ADRRESS

OF THE CARRIER OF THE

FARMERS' REGISTER,

TO ITS PATRONS.

WITHIN the circle of a year,
What various wonders oft appear;
TIME, as he runs his steady race,
Destroys the noblest works of grace;
Oft by his mighty power alone
Empires are rais'd—or overthrown.
Even Beauty's cheek, that bloom'd so bright,
Looks pale and wither'd to the sight.—
A single year does oft deface
The proudest monuments of Grace;
Then listen, PATRONS, to my lay,
And hail, with me, the NEW-YEAR'S day!

First let me wish you all, my friends,
The joys that calm contentment sends;
With hearts at ease and souls serene,
To smile on life's too chequer'd scene;
If Fortune frowns, to scorn the jade,
For cheating is the Harlot's trade.

Of Wars abroad, I will not sing,
How this, or that, or t'other King,
Deposed by a resistless Power,
Has liv'd, and reign'd, his little hour;
For scarcely does my gentle muse
Trouble herself with foreign news;
Needless it is abroad to roam,
For we have wars enough at home,
And *heroes* who deserve to live
In all the pomp that verse can give.

Renown'd in war, lo! General *Hull*,
His head with proclamations full;
Bent to achieve some great exploit,
Sallies *Quixotic* from Detroit.

Ye Gods! what tumult and affray
Attend his highness on the way!
Not e'en the GOD OF WAR himself
Look'd more heroic than this elf:—
To punish Britain for her vices
He'll cut each province into slices!
He crosses o'er—the swamps give way;
His mandate hills and vales obey!
He comes! the Nation's brave Defender,
Women and children all surrender;

Canadians stare with eyes of wonder,
And bow before this son of Thunder;
But in the end—I'm loth to fib it,
Pay for their folly on the GIBBET!

See yonder stalks a form along,
Renown'd by every Muse of song!
Him shall the bards of latest days,
Preserve in their immortal lays:
And generations yet unborn
Shall wonder why, with mirth and scorn,
Brave colonel Porter dar'd adventure
To treat the *Hero* of the CENTRE!

The muse, disgusted, turns her view,
Where OCEAN's SONS, with valor true,
Amid the dying and the slain,
Assert the *Empire of the main;*
Where ev'ry pulse at freedom's call,
Throbs high within the hearts of all—
Sees gallant HULL direct the fight,
Circled with glory's radiance bright;
While o'er Britannias heroes brave.
He bids COLUMBIA'S banners wave—
He awes the tyrants of the deep;
No more his country's thunders sleep,
But terrible they gather fast,
And pour upon the *foe* at last!

Nor less does JONES his country's pride
In triumph o'er the Ocean ride:—
Spreads all his canvas to the gale,
With HEARTS OF OAK that never fail:

Firm as a Rock in Danger's hour,
He braves the Myrmidons of power ;
And snatches with a god-like ease,
The flag that proudly swept the seas ;
And satisfies the tools of Kings
That *tails* of WASPS are dangerous things ;
And if they FROLICK-ing would come,
They'd better FROLICK nearer home !

To, deeds of glorious emprize,
Lo, bold DECATUR swiftly flies;
And mid a sheet of awful flame,
Takes vengeance in his country's name :
How look'd the *mistress* of the deep—
How did the British Naiads weep—
How then did Albion's genius mourn,
To see her brightest laurels torn ?
When the bold Eagle upward flew,
Refulgent o'er a venal crew !
Her talons firm the thunders grasp'd ;
In death the *Queen of Ocean* gasp'd :
The storm of battle darkly lour'd,
The gallant MACEDONIAN cowr'd :
Saw but disgrace or death before her,
The Stars of conquest glitt'ring o'er her.

These glorious scenes shall oft inspire
The Patriot's—Statesman's—Hero's fire ;
And while the floating streamers play
Around us in the battle-day,
To Freedom true with latest breath,
We'll rush to Victory or Death.

Thus, gentle PATRONS, ends my lay—
I wish you all a HAPPY DAY :

May Life's best sun-shine ever clear,
Still give you an unclouded year;
Till ripe with age, in Virtue's bloom,
You sink lamented to the tomb.

POSTCRIPT.

Now for my Song, if you are willing,
I'd thank you just to tip a ———

Troy, January 1, 1818.

RECEIPT TO MAKE A SCOLD.

A drunken Husband every night,
Comes swearing home and calls for light.
Protesting 'tis a grievous scandal,
To be without and inch of candle!
He searches—finds an end at last,
Against the wall he sticks it fast,
For yesterday the guzzling dog,
Pawn'd his last candle-stick for grog—
To-day as all his neighbors tell us,
He left his Hat to pay the ale-house;
He roars for supper—damns his spouse,
Kicks every chair about the house;
His children bawl—and in a crack
He knocks each ragged sinner back;
At last depriv'd of sense and strength,
Prone on the floor he falls at length;
At break of day again he goes,
To light the rubies on his nose;

All this, you hardly need be told,
Will surely make his wife a scold ;
And if repeated o'er and o'er,
In time may make her *something* more !

ON A BAD TRANSLATOR.

What ghosts of murdered couplets round you wait,
And scream for vengeance—yet you still transla
Yours is a two-fold crime, 'tis not denied—
First, *Murder*, you commit—next, *Suicide !*

ON A MISER.

One day on his bed as a Miser lay sick,
Who should pop in upon him but very old Nick ;
And slowly advancing, but looking askew,
Took hold of his hand and said how do you do !
I've come you perceive from the regions below,
To ask of your worship which way you will go !
The patient look'd up with a feverish grin,
And thus he replied to the author of Sin :—

To be sure I am sick but before I go hence,
It is fit I should cast up the *journey's expence* ;
Take my word once for all, though the harvest thou
reapest,
I shall travel your road, if I find it is *cheapest*.

THE MISER.

See'st thou yon pale and wrinkled form,
The languid lustre of whose eye
Bespeaks a wretch with firm resolve
To crush lone Mis'ry's feeble sigh?

Him nor the muse, nor thought, can paint—
The prey of jealousy and care:
He steel's his breast to sorrow's plaint,
And shuns the victim of despair.

Curse on the tribe whose sordid souls
Can never consolation speak,
Nor check the tear that, ceaseless, rolls
Down hapless Sorrow's faded cheek.

And lives there such a *niggard* train,
Who blest Humanity defy?
Still bent to grasp their hoarded gain,
That breathe but for themselves—and die?

Be mine the tender, feeling heart,
The softly sympathetic glow,
That teaches with assuasive art
To hover round the "couch of woe."

Yes, be it mine to dry the tear,
When memory her griefs shall pour—
To sooth misfortunes too severe,
And light Affliction's darkest hour.

Then, when life's transient bliss is fled,
And age shall mar the freshest bloom,
Some orphan's grateful heart shall shed
The tear of friendship on my tomb.

CHOICE OF LIFE.

In the dull round, that charms our early years,
Of airy pleasures and fantastick joys,
No drop of Virtue's soft Content appears,
To sweeten Life's intoxicating toys,

Still in pursuit of what the world calls bliss,
(And who dare risk the world's too certain blame,
Still in pursuit of vanities, we miss
The golden harvest of immortal fame.

Say, thoughtless youth! when age, with silver hue,
Frowns at the retrospect of joyless life,
And years succeeding years, bring nothing new,
And all is care, inquietude and strife;

Say, is eternity (that deep profound
Wild and uncertain as it seems at best)
A sea of miseries, that has no bound,
Or endless haven of consummate rest?

Almighty God! is man alone at ease,
When thousand systems perish in his sight!
When time's revolving hand, and Fate's decrees,
Unbar the chambers of relentless night!

Or is he calm where reason should be wild,
And keen reflection give his organs breath!—
Illum'd by Nature's feeble sunshine mild,
Repairs he tranquil to the courts of Death!

Some nobler aim my anxious steps pursue:
Aspire, my soul, beyond the azure skies;
Trace all the streams of endless pleasure through,
Where worlds unnumber'd in gradation rise.

Guide me, RELIGION, with persuasive voice,
While journeying thro' this world, so drear and waste;
Impel my soul to justify thy choice,
And crown the present moments as the last.

Be thine the task to tranquilize the mind—
Content, expand and uniform the soul;
Direct its course to social bliss refin'd,
And wing it onward to the immortal goal.

Extract from an ELEGY on the death of

MARY SELDEN.

——— A transient flower was seen,
Rich with expanding bloom; and every grace
Appeared in its unfoldings, till at length
Came the sharp night-wind and its sickly blast,
Withered the stem of life—the rose decayed;
As beauty's rose must ever, and became
The prey of famished worms—They on its leaves;
Delicious fed and made a grateful meal;
While Sister-Roses wept a Sister's fate.
Why weep ye at the falling of that flower?
It fell but to reflourish fairer still
Beyond the reach of Time and Fate, immortal—
Where no stern Winter sends its chilling gales,
To pierce the tender plant—no storms arise
To vex the eternal year—but one bright day,
Ineffable as from the Throne of God,
Beams wide its radiance and diffuses light—
Where youthful Spring in one unfading green

Leads on the dancing hours—high odours breath ;
And grateful incense—Holding calm its course
Where flows the river of eternal life,
Of which who tastes shall never thirst again ;
Where bloom the verdant gardens of the just,
Amid the opening Paradise of God!

TO POVERTY.

————What shrivell'd form !
Her eyes all hollow and her cheeks all pale,
Surcharg'd with years. comes rolling on the *storm*,
And sings her wild notes to th' echoing gale.
'Tis POVERTY ! I know the dame afar—
Hark ! hark ! the deep-ton'd yell, and now the roar.
See ! see ! she whirls her visionary car,
And lo ! she pauses at my humble door.
Unbellied demon ! borne on night's grim wing,
My cup of *BLISS* to poison and destroy—
Tuck up thy tatters and the muse will sing,
A song of sorrow interwove with joy.————

Once I was corpulent, alias dictus, fat—
Ate steak, drank brandy, jovial puff'd my pipe.
But now, alas ! I'm leaner than a rat,
And feel a vast vacuity of *tripe*.
Thick were my ribs with many a pound of grease,
That clusterring hung dripping moist show'rs around.
Tight was my hide, and no dividing crease—
Search where you would, was in the leather found.
Ah ! then divinely pimpled was my nose ;
Carbuncles mark'd my face with living red.

Art's finest polish on my eye-brow rose;
And soft effulgence twinkled from my head.
But now no more the pleasures of a treat,
In just gradation to my fancy rise—
My massy calves, *suwarrow'd* so complete,
Have dwindled far below their wonted size.
Oft hast thou doom'd my aching teeth to gnaw
Some mouldy shank, the leavings of a dog—
While all the fibres of my famish'd maw,
Itch'd to devour good mutton, veal or hog—
Since I am neither mussulman nor Jew,
But a plain *Christian* that with " bit of swine"
Can make a clever, comfortable stew,
And quaff the generous juices of the vine;
Privations, fastings, starvings, 'tis confest,
Ill with my constitution do agree:
Rich soups and custards please my palate best,
And thy dread Sabbath is too long for me.
Phantom avaunt! Old *Skin-and-Bones* adieu,
Folks live by *eating*, and I'll live so too.

THIEVES TAKE NOTICE!

The following Advertisment was written on occasion of the Author's Wood-land being injured by trespassers and published in 1806.

The thievish brood, both small and great,
That pilfer early—pilfer late,
Remorseless, graceless, shamless, cruel,
My timber fit for sale or fuel:
Namely, my beeches, maples, walnuts,
And trees that bear spontaneous all nuts,
Had better be a little easy,
Or else (I trow) they'll soon feel queasy.

Should they hereafter hew and hack,
I'll frighten all the filching pack
With things that many a rogue has bit,
Which vulgar people call a WRIT,
(But counsellors with solemn air,
Pronounce and publish and declare,
A *Capias ad Respondendum*,)
That quickly to the d—l will send 'em.

If they on surface of bare ground,
In Sheriff's bail'wick can be found;
Tied neck and heels, they'll all be dragg'd,
(Handcuff'd, choak'd, lacerated, gag'd)
To solitude of common gaol,
'Mid hungry demons, fierce and pale,
Where luckless wights, at last outwitted,
For misdemeanors are committed,
Cursing, with bitter execration,
The dreary Sabbath of starvation.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Two or three girls and two or three boys,
Dirty and ragged and making a noise;
Some calling for this thing and others for that,
One pinching the Dog and another the Cat,
And John, the sly rogue, with a sorrowful phiz,
Bawling out that Sam's bread has more butter than his,
And then the two urchins all covered with grease,
Sitting down on the hearth to examine each piece;
And if one is the widest, or thickest or longest,
Let him that is weakest, beware of the strongest.

A battle ensues-and a horrible clatter,
The Mother asks both what the Devil's the matter;
Each tells her his tale—labors hard to defend it;
'Twon't answer, you rogues—'tis the broomstick must end it!

ODE TO LIBERTY.

O BEST of blessings and delights—
Sweet soother of the ills of woe!
Assert thy long forgotten rights,
And bid thy genial influence flow.

With thee, in friendship's fost'ring bow'r,
While Peace extends her arms to bless,
We, raptur'd, greet the tranquil hour
That makes our load of sorrows less.

Mild as the morn thy pow'r display
O'er Europe's sanguinary plains,
Where proud Oppression holds her sway,
And haughty Despotism reigns.

Nor yet from these lov'd shores retreat,
Where vigour and where health expands;
Where ev'ry bloom, and ev'ry sweet,
Drest in the pride of culture stands.

Of thee, the rustic, in his cot,
Raises his unambitious song;
Unknown to strife—to care forgot,
And witless of the bustling throng.

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Thou form'st alone his tuneful lay—
Call'st forth the smile, or shap'st the sigh;
With whisper wak'st the vernal day,
That shows creation's lustre nigh.

For thee, the woodland nymph, at dawn,
Walks forth to cull the choice perfumes—
The primrose, glist'ning on the lawn,
And violet blue, that early blooms.

And oft, at hour of twilight grey,
The ploughman steals with awe profound,
To mark thy footstep's lonely way,
And catch the echo of thy sound.

For thee, upon the smiling land,
Beauteous the golden harvest waves;
And Neptune o'er all the neighb'ring strand,
Dashing against the blue rock, laves.

For thee, thro' rough and boist'rous gales,
The seaman heaves the lab'ring oar,
And commerce with her thousand sails,
Rides safely through, to reach the shore.

For thee, tall spires of glitt'ring pride
Adorn the gilded roofs of fame,
That in the clouds their summits hide—
Those num'rous clouds of livid flame.

All drink the graces of thine eye—
Soft, warm, and bland as zephyrs blow
O'er misty lawn, where blossoms vie,
And gemmy dew-drops early glow.

And, last in train, the muse to thee,
Prostrate, presents her humble song;
Aid thou her harp with pleasant glee,
And bear the dancing notes along.

So shall thy merits and thy praise,
Resounding from the tongue of Fame,
Inspire the bard of future days,
And rude barbarians hail thy name.

ODE TO VIRTUE.

NYMPH of the Summer's grace, serenely gay—
Parent of health, and flush'd with beauty's bloom!
'Tis thine to pour abroad the conscious day,
And scatter sun-shine round the world's wide gloom.

Oft, when the bending foliage wav'd around,
And the thin gale with sporting swept the trees,
I've listen'd long to hear thy magic sound,
Or traced thy footsteps in the winding breeze.

At eve's calm hour, wrapt in devotion warm,
I've seen thee smile, or pensive pour the sigh;
And oft at dead of night beheld thy form,
And oft have caught the languish of thine eye.

And when the grey ey'd morn, sweet nurse of flow'rs,
Sprinkles the herbag'd lawn with drops of dew,
Waking to thee I've giv'n my blithesome hours;
And still thy form, delighted I pursue.

His wither'd hand—true emblem of decay—
O'er the wide forest, mantling strews the leaves:
Then to the corn-house he directs his way,
Surcharg'd, and bending with his golden sheaves.

The passion's slumb'ring 'mid the fervid blaze
Of Summer-suns now wake, while visions roll;
Gay, raptur'd scenes unfold to fancy's gaze,
And soft sensations steal upon the soul.

The merry swains assembling, crown'd with joy,
For scenes of innocent and mirthful play,
Drive off dull care—while, raptur'd, they employ
The sportive hours in dance and frolic gay.

Yet soon these golden scenes shall disappear;
Soon shall the eye of rapture cease to beam—
Pale retrospection bring his horrors near,
And disappointment chase the gaudy dream.

For soon, far distant from the solar ray,
Chill Boreas darts his arrows thro' the glade:
Pensive the reddening bloom shall melt away,
The fruit-tree wither, and the foliage fade.

Of flow'rets gay, that bloom'd to deck the Spring,
But few are gather'd—haply not the best—
Ere Fate sits hov'ring o'er with shadowy wing,
And driving winter withers all the rest.

Thus in life's Autumn, rich with yellow stores,
While Summer-calms and vernal breezes play,
The graces that her hand profusely pours,
Are snatch'd regardless and unseen away.

So all must fade—their brow the cypress twine :
Alike the just, the blooming, and the brave,
To death's cold hand their blossoms must resign,
And try the cheerless Winter of the GRAVE.

THE INTEMPERATE.

I KNEW a Youth, majestic, mild,
A child of promise—Fancy's child ;
For him she wove in bower and dell
Her raptur'd, her enchanting spell ;
To him the wizzard Genius lent
The soul of fancy eloquent,
And gave his keen and searching view
To look the maze of Science thro' !

Oh ! he was rich in every grace,
His soul stond speaking in his face ;
His eye beyond expression bright
Look'd pure and calm as heaven's own light,
While on his soft persuasive tongue,
Old age and Youth attentive hung ;
Around him drew th' adoring fair,
And beauty's radiant smile was there,
Like sunshine lighting up the clouds of care.

Friends could he boast in happier hour ;
The venal tribe of wealth and power,
Before him reverent bowed ;
And still the thousand tongues of fame,
In loudest notes pronounc'd his name
The idol of the crowd.

But soon alas! the scene was changed,
The world grew cold, and friends estranged ;
Day after day it was his lot,
Just to be mentioned and forgot—
For penury with swiftest pace,
Began to stare him in the face ;
And where's the wretch, or more or less,
Will claim acquaintance with distress ?

Thus on those calm and temp'rate seas,
Where gently sweeps the Summer breeze ;
And Ocean-gales with lightest breath
To slumber fan the surge of death ;
A gallant vessel gaily rides,
Nor dreams of harm from winds or tides,
As 'neath the pale Moon's silvery beam,
Joyous she cuts the tranquil stream :—
But let a furious storm arise,
How soon the smile of rapture dies ;
No more the glow of mirth we trace,
Pale horror has usurp'd its place ;
And fear and grief and furrowed care,
And all the anguish of despair.

He flew—he snatched the foaming bowl,
Where sense and thought and Soul,
On waves of wild delirium tost,
Are wrecked and swallowed up and lost ;
Where proud Ambition's golden dream,
And glowing Fancy's air-built scheme,
Are buried in the fervid stream,
And quick to ruin hurl'd ;
Where Bacchus' sons with frenzied eye,

Drink the consuming draught and die
Forgotten by the world !

Ah me ! when first by grief opprest,
Throbs in despair the youthful breast ;
When Poverty's remorseless fang,
Inflicts the first subduing pang,
And bows the soul to woe :
'Tis then young Genius sinks forlorn,
Chill'd by the world's unfeeling scorn :
Lifts the full goblet to his lip,
Nor thinks at each seducing sip,
That poison lurks helow !

Genius, Almighty Genius, fails,
When red Intemperance assails ;
Disease with all his bloated train,
Assumes his joyless languid reign,
And life's meridian bloom ;
Swift as the tempest sweeps the glade,
Swift as the leaves of Autumn fade
Before December's gloom,
Is withered in th' oblivious shade
And silence of the Tomb !

I LIKE

The lip that flushes
With Modesty so red,
I like the cheek that blushes
To hear its praises said.

I like the tear that gushes
Warm from the melting soul;
'Tis then the full heart rushes
Impatient of control.

The warrior in the field
May gain a wreathe of fame,
And after ages yield
New honors to his name:

The tyrant on his throne,
May give his subjects law;
O'er millions wield his rod alone,
And still those millions awe:

'Tis not the hero's wreathe,
'Tis not the rod of power—
Nor vacant stare of millions,
Can cheer the soul's dark hour.

When Mis'ry's children languish
To raise them when they fall;
To wipe the tear of anguish
This, this is worth them all!

RECEIPT

TO MAKE A MILITARY OFFICER.

Gold Lace,
A saucy face;
Silver spurs,
Bear-skins—or other furs;*

* Trappings for the saddle.

A spruce cockade,
To show that fighting is his trade;
As good a sword,
As he can afford;
A little rattan,
To make him pass for a man;
Epaulettes,
Unsettled debts,
A bridle and saddle,
A fine horse to straddle;
An acre of hat
AND ALL THAT!

THE INVITATION.

It is war—and the drum now invites us afar;
Farewell to the season of love and repose;
Rising red with new fire, the American star
Glares angry and baleful on liberty's foes!

And oh! if the sun of our glory must set,
Unquench'd to the last, let it pour its bright flood;
And its orb as it drops into darkness, be wet
In the full-flowing tide of our enemies' blood!

See far West the black smoke rise—fierce flames wrap each dwelling,
While the peasants affrighted in agony gaze;
Round the little log cottage the Savage is yelling
Laughing wild on the scene and enjoying the blaze.

Let us rush to the field, as our sires did before;
The death-bed of honor is softer than down;

For the hero the grave has no terrors in store
And the patriot disarms even death of his frown.

O, dark are the moments which slavery affords,
But bright with renown is the warrior's pall;
Our father's dread spirits shall sit on our swords,
And teach us to conquer—inspire us to fall!

'Tis the genius of freedom—'tis glory that calls;
Our home and our country at stake
And remember that he for that country, who falls,
Shall the fame of its heroes partake.

Let us rush to the field then, as they did before;
The death-bed of honor is softer than down,
For the hero, the grave has no terrors in store
And the patriot disarms even death of his frown!

MISCELLANY.

"If two lie together then they have heat—but how can one be warm alone?" PROVERBS.

SURE enough, SOLOMON! Thou hast hit the nail on the head. Never, since the creation of our first parents, has a question been proposed for the solution of the human race, in which my feelings have so lively an interest, as in the one now under consideration. I like this kind of forcible reasoning, because questions are categorical things, and require categorical treatment. The only sure method to test the truth of a doubtful theory, is, by reducing it, as far as possible, to the plain and equitable standard of experience. Let but our dazzling *belles* and dashing *beaux* moralize closely on the subject of my motto, as they file off singly, into a cold bed-room in some upper chamber—or perhaps in the garret of some four-story house, whose shivered casements yawn to receive the whistling blast as it journeys hollowly along the barren heath, on a bitter night in *January*, and I will bet my new *beaver* that the votaries of Hymen will speedily out number those of Bacchus, and the solitary VESTAL,-with a smile of gladness presaging future mirth and merriment, will soon forsake the dull and listless apartment, where she has been cloistered from the prying eye of man, for many a revolving season, and instead of humming the song of eternal celibacy, will awaken the sprightly nuptial lyre, and breathe her fondest vows in the listening ear of an amorous husband: *old maids* will pull caps for antiquated swains—

and old bachelors, those *non-descripts* of the moral world, will find a new employment, far different from that of curing corns on the *toes*, or prescribing efficacious remedies for the *rheumatism*.

But the mischief of all is, that the youth of either sex will seldom take upon themselves the trouble of combining a few ideas sufficient to constitute that thing called reflection, if the temporary gratification of their wishes will, in any measure, be cut short by their so doing; and I have, at this moment, in my eye a crusty old bachelor turned of thirty-five, whose face, like the weather beaten clap-boards of an ancient building, might almost bid defiance to the further ravages of time, who would cock up his nose at the bare mention of matrimony, and instantly pourtray it in the most deplorable colours, taking special care to dip his pencil in the foulest shades, so that no part of the frightful representation might perish through the unskilfulness of the melancholy painter. He prefers an uniform round of disappointments, vexations and disquietudes, the sure attendants of a roving disposition, to the calm and placid joys of connubial felicity, and the thin and scattered sweets of celibacy, to the honey of the marriage hive.

The gloomy and tempestuous storm of a winter's evening, never fails to produce a very serious impression on my mind; and when I close my window-shutters and hasten to participate in the genial blaze of my fire side, I think of the thousands who, collected at little intervals in sullen groups, the sons and daughters of misanthropy or spleen, can find no amusement

to charm away the tedious moments that chequer the sunshine of life, but dealing out scandal against their more prudent neighbors, while their souls are callous to every tender, every refined sensibility, and each bosom is as frozen as a February icicle.

Celibacy is the darling theory of those, who, from early disappointments, or a series of vicious habits, have reasoned themselves, by a false analogy of circumstances, into the humiliating belief that the cup of human life is filled with the bitterest draught—the most subtle poison—and, consequently, he who takes the least of it is by much the best off. The grey-headed rake, the unsuccessful debauchee, and the midnight seducer of virgin innocence, palled with a too frequent repetition of sexual enjoyments, have uniformly borne, and will forever bear, the most unqualified hatred to hymenial ties. The reason is, by no means, a remote one. Accustomed as they are to distinguish objects through a disordered medium, they often confound pain with pleasure, and mistake the thrilling sensations of the one, for the keenly-vibrating touch of the other. They would most willingly exchange a condition so fraught with real evil as their own, if that change could be effected without any sacrifice on their part, of a favorite maxim, and if they could be made to believe that there was still a possibility of their being happy, notwithstanding they had once been miserable.

To you, then, ye children of celibacy—ye votaries of spleen—ye murderers of social happiness—ye

bankrupts in the finer feelings, is addressed the plain and unsophisticated language of the Preacher. Harken to his sermon and treasure up instruction. Let "two lie together, that they may have heat," and discard the idea, however plausible, that "one can be warm alone." Hearest thou not, O, old bachelor! the wintry storm rave around thy dwelling? It will shortly penetrate the inmost recesses of thy apartment, and whistle around thy solitary couch. Comfortless nights will succeed gloomy and unjoyous days. —the sound of music will no more be heard, nor mirth, nor revelry resound in thy borders. All will be cheerless within and without; and the mirror which reflects thy folly and thy obstinacy, will frighten thee with its magnifying qualities, while the glass of retrospection, lighted up by conscience, will present a terrific succession of objects to poison thy peace of mind —embitter all thy future days, and fix the sting of vipers in thy soul.

And thou, too, O, old maid! whose furrowed cheeks have bid a long adieu to to the blushing rose, and reluctantly received the pale and shrinking lily in its stead—over whose forehead, wrinkled by the touch of time, the silver foot-steps of declining age have been deeply and fatally imprinted, awake, I beseech thee, to a sense of duty, and plant one more feather in the wing of Cupid. Recollect the impressive question in my text. Recollect that Time is a rapid traveller, and he hastens to his destined goal. And O! recollect the imperious the irresistible claims of future and remote generations. Tremble, lest posterity, frowning indignant over thy unproductive ash-

es, should curse the hated memory of her, who, trampling on the dictates of the sacred volume, and putting at defiance the first principle of our nature, could laugh at the impassioned declarations and mock the transports—the agonizing transports of an afflicted lover.

May the God of Love send his sharpest arrows to the hearts of unrepenting bachelors and the bosoms of unfeeling maids: may swains cease to be careless, and nymphs become less cruel; and may the spotless reign of Hymen speedily usher in a new and more brilliant era, consecrated to the happiness of the human race.

RETROSPECTIVE AND PERSPECTIVE.

See, countless millions in gradation rise,
And swarms on swarms fill ocean, earth and skies:
Then look once more—pale shadows intervene,
And Death's dark canvas shuts th' eternal scene.

When I take a survey of the monuments of death, which our village church-yard exhibits—when I see reflected on the crumbling tomb-stone, that faithful record of human frailty, the faint and pale rays of the moon, emerging for a moment from the obscuring cloud, and dimly lingering on the face of heaven, as I take my accustomed walk at night, my soul feels an involuntary emotion. I tremble at the recollection of the shortness of time, and the absolute incertitude of human felicity. I see life's measured hour-glass, wasting one after another, in silent succession, its in-

valuable sands, and the last gliding particle will soon be numbered and forgotten. Already our gloomy cemeteries are populous as the favoured region of the day and swarm with innumerable multitudes. Angel of spirits! I invoke thee to attend my steps to the land of desolation. Let us descend together to the dismal mansion of the grave, and visit the dwelling of departed generations. Let us hover for a moment over the dark mists of futurity. Let us lift its dusky, its impenetrable curtain, and snatch a passing glance at the invisible world.

Time, with all its scenes of amusement and festivity—its glowing moments of hope—its cherubic visions of joy, and its melancholly seasons of affliction and despair, is but a trifling branch from the ocean of eternity, destined, irrevocably destined, to mingle shortly with its parent flood. Embarked in a frail and perishable vessel, on this mass of returning waters, and unconscious of inevitable fate, we spurn at the real object of life, namely, a preparation for its closing period, and trifle with its golden moments as if the voyage would never end. The morn of infancy—the noon of manhood—and the joyless evening of withered age, are alike the prey of cheating expectations, and the victims of ideal scenes of happiness, which reason teaches us can never be realized in this sphere of progressive changes. But, *to-morrow* is the favor'd deity of all: the bold magician, who waves his invisible wand around us, and by a gentle touch seals up our eye-lids, and hushes our waking senses in a dream as fatal as it is visionary and illusive; a dream that *presents nothing* to the view of the enraptured beholder,

but one smiling landscape where every thing which can charm the fancy and delight the soul, is spread in lavish abundance; where zephyrs waft perpetual fragrance, where flowers unfold their choicest sweets, and where blossoms exist in perennial foilage. The mock rainbows of a gilded sky stretch their majestic curves and dazzle with a short-lived effusion of splendor, while close in the rear of these frail and fading children of the brain, the ruthless family of woes is seen in long and melancholly perspective. Thus the race of man hastens to the tomb, and sinks to rise no more. The hey-day of beauty vanishes like an imperfect vision. We behold myriads ascend the theatre of life, who, charmed with its gorgeous, its fascinating scenery, and the brilliant trappings which adorn and beautify it, are regardless of the *exit* of their associates and friends, and unmindful of their own lamentable destiny, until they slide inperceptibly from its painted surface, and disappear forever.

The grave is the school of wisdom. From a human skull, incrusted with subterranean filth, we may learn a most salutary lesson; and a mouldering limb, the prey of insects, affords more real and necessary instruction than the pages of the classic volume. Hasten, ye gay and giddy mortals, to visit the resting-place of man. Receive its silent admonitions with gratitude, and water the turf which covers it, with the tear of repentance for former follies.

Looking forward with anxious expectation to a more resplendent morning, the morning of the resurrection the soul enjoys a sweet solace in the dignified contem-

plation of its own immortality. The stupendous keystone which binds the universe, may drop from its socket, and shatter the mighty fabric of creation: the solar system may be wrapped in darkness, and buried in perpetual chaos; all but the everlasting throne of God may fall; yet the soul, "secure in its own existence," may smile on the "wreck of elements," and proudly defy the storm of ruin. Emanating from the bosom of its Maker, and imperishable as he is imperishable, it shall continue to exist with super-added lustre, through the round of immeasurable ages.

Whoso findeth a WIFE, findeth a good thing.

PROVERBS.

So said SOLOMON, the prince of gallantry; and Solomon ought to know. The soft moments spent by the Jewish monarch in conjugal endearments and sweetest dalliance with the enchanting fair, bore full testimony, no doubt, to the truth of his assertion; and when surrounded by his numerous *wives*, he had good right to conclude, that he was in possession not only of one *good thing*, but of *three hundred*.

The age of poligamy is happily past; and on the threshold of domestic felicity, rendered doubly pleasing by the fascinating smile of her we love, have the deep-drawn prejudices and superficial maxims of barbarous oriental nations been sacrificed, and the shrine of exclusive individual affection, erected on the ruins of divided friendship. For myself, I have no hesitation in declaring, that, in my opinion, one wife, par-

ticularly a modern one, is amply sufficient for one husband; or, in other words, one GOOD THING at a time is quite enough to answer all the purposes of human life.

In discussing my subject, I shall divide it into two general heads, and proceed by way of enquiry, to ascertain—First, What is a WIFE?—Secondly, in what sense she can be considered a *good thing?*—And, lastly, shall wind up the interesting subject by a brief improvement of the whole.

FIRST—What is a WIFE? And here, to prevent the cavils of a censorious and malignant world, it may be necessary for the preacher to hint a truth, which the midnight curtain-lectures of many a hapless Benedict, if they could be obtained, would confirm, beyond the possibility of a doubt, viz. that wives, as well as other sublunary things, very naturally divide themselves into two prominent classes—the good and the bad—or the fretful and the unfretful. But as Solomon meant to include only the better class, I shall take it for granted there was a slight omission in my text, and presume that the idea which he intended to communicate, was that a *good* WIFE was a *good thing* in a family, and treat the matter accordingly.

A good WIFE, then, is a being selected by a benign Providence to scatter the roses of contentment, and strew the dark and serpentine paths of life with the choicest, the most fadeless flowers, and is truly the "last, best gift of God to man." Formed to charm, to allure, and fascinate the whole soul of an affectionate husband, she can, at any time, transfuse a portion

of her own spirit into his, and by the powerful magic of a smile, change in a moment the bitter draughts of his existence, to streams of the most delicious nectar. Is a selfish race unkind—and does the fickle goddess, Fortune, frown disdainfully on his wretched prospects? He retires serenely from the empty bustle of mankind, and fondly pillowing his aching head on her snowy bosom, he applies his fervid lips to hers, generously glowing with hope and love, and drinks a long oblivion to his wrongs and injuries. This brings me to my second proposition, viz. in what sense she can be considered a *good thing?*

I have already, in some measure, anticipated an answer to this question in the preceding section of my sermon, because the two points were very nearly, not to say inseparably connected together.

A *good wife* may be considered a *good thing;* nay, the very best of *things*, when she fills up the measure of her domestic duties, and presides with pleasure over the concerns of a thriving and prosperous family.—She is the centre of that powerfully attractive system, in which revolve, with uniform motion, all the bewitching graces, all the home-born delights of refined and tranquil love. She gives a new charm, and adds an exquisite delight to all the blandishments of social life. Solitude is a stranger where she dwells; and melancholly, pausing o'er his mournful story, dares not approach her consecrated mansion. Hers is the silver wand, which chases away the demon of sorrow, and restores the sunshine of the soul. In her right hand *she holds* health, happiness, and dawning honors;

and in her left an inverted mirror, reflecting the loveliest objects in creation. I come now to the

IMPROVEMENT.

Stranger! whoever thou art, who standest alone amid the storms of the world, labor incessantly and with all thy might to obtain that *good thing* mentioned in my text. A little wooing will answer thy purpose, and procure thee a jewel of inestimable value. Does thy heart pant for glory, and thy brow stern with the victories of battle, desire the blood-stained laurels of the conqueror? Banish the puerile dream, and let sober reason chase the delusive vision from thy soul. A WIFE will soften the asperity of thy temper, and smooth thy brow, clouded with sadness. She will kindly watch over thy bed of sickness, and whisper in softest accents the language of consolation to thy drooping heart. She will form thy mind to generous exertions, and make thee nobly emulous of real greatness; and when the last faint flashes of life's expiring lamp have quivered out their little moment, her tears will moisten thy clay-cold form; and her prayers, ascending for thy final happiness, will gently waft thy disembodied spirit to the gardens of the paradise of God.

MY AUNT MARGERY.

I LOVE to dwell with mournful recollection on the memory of my maiden aunt, Margery. Her name

is now enrolled on the register of death. She died as she had lived, a stranger to the blessings of matrimony; and, by her uniform examples, left an invaluable legacy to that class of squeamish old maids, who very *prudently* resolve that they will never marry, when they have ascertained that nobody will marry them. The legends of ancient days afford no striking parallel to the curious character which I am attempting to delineate. I will divert the reader with her history.

You must know, then, courteous Sir, that Margery B——— was the only daughter of a substantial and worthy farmer in ——. Her father had several sons, some of whom were engaged in mercantile pursuits, and were generally spoken of, in their respective neighborhoods, as men of great application; and others, with souls more liberal and enlarged than the former, had mustered up resolution enough to travel to a neighboring grammar school, in hopes to profit by the profound literature of its instructor, about the time that my aunt was preparing to make her *debut* in the fashionable world. Margery was tall beyond the usual proportion, and withal so very slender in her shape, that when she walked or danced, she resembled the gently waving poplar, shook into a slight and tremulous motion by the soft undulations of the playful zephyrs. In her youth she was remarkably active and sprightly, and resting on her fine velvet sidesaddle, seated on her favorite horse Bachelor, (who was one of the most accomplished geldings in the whole country, for my aunt, by a most strange, whimsical,

and extraordinary train of reasoning, and directly contrary to the maxims of female sportsmen, always preferred geldings) would leap a fence or stride a ditch with the most perfect master of the art in Christendom. Her hair, which was rather sandy, when it hung loosely and negligently over her projecting shoulders, resembled the dishivelled looks of Venus, emphatically stiled in heathen mythology the queen of love and beauty, when she went to court Vulcan, Jupiter's blacksmith. Her teeth were large and white, and although they did not exactly resemble ivory, being made of much coarser materials, they could, nevertheless vie with that precious commodity, in durability. The wear and tear of time, had so little effect upon the grinders of the virgin, that, at the age of seventy-three, she could crack a walnut with them, without wincing, or exhibiting any visible contortions of countenance. Her eyes—but here description fails. Suffice it to say, they resembled a couple of green goose-berry's, and ever and anon they would shoot such deadly livid flashes, as nothing but a heart of adamant could withstand, or malice view unmoved. Her Sunday dress was a beautiful pea-green. She wore a cap and tucker.

Such, reader, was my aunt Margery. Her whole form was admirably calculated to inspire the softest—the most tender emotions in the bosom of every beholder. Old men wished themselves young, for her sake; and young men beheld with increasing anxiety, the approach of silver old age, whose province it is to strew wrinkles instead of roses, and to dry up the

fountain of youth. Alas! this venerable vestal no longer lives, but in the faithful memory of her friends. The malicious sneers of her female rivals, and the coaxing adulations of a host of senseless sycophants, who used to bask in the sunshine of her regard, like insects in the meridian blaze of summer, are alike unremembered by her. Death has written in the most legible characters, the important word FINIS at the end of her chapter, and shut up the volume of her days forever.

Some thirty or forty years ago, the parson of the parish paid his addresses to Margery. Things went on swimmingly for a while, and were in a tolerable state of progression, when, all at once the match was broken off, by a very trivial circumstance. Coming one evening to pay her a visit, he very gravely proposed, as an improvement to their courtship that they should adopt the old fashioned practice of *bundling*, as it is called in the country; assuring her at the same time, that if it was likely to produce any disagreeable consequences, he would hasten the marriage with all possible dispatch, and thereby prevent an exposure, which would operate to the ruin of both their reputations.

Now, whether it was that my aunt, conceiving a most insurmountable dislike to the word, being made up principally of vile consonants, which fall with the most grating cadence on the ear, and withal are very dull and unharmonious, or whether she was really displeased at the freedom he had taken, I have never been able to learn.—Suffice it to say, however, that

from that moment she shut her ears to his most passionate addresses, and so sharply did her resentment sting his soul, that I know not but he would have run distracted for love, if there had, at that time, been no other woman in the world than Margery. She has since had abundant reason to repent of her ill-timed delicacy, for the parson soon after paid his unceremonious addresses to a young lady of a more accommodating temper, who completely gratified the fond wishes of a father, in the production of a large and amiable family of children.

The next in order, on the list of her admirers, was a proud, overbearing, and supercilious physician, who every year dispatched more messengers to *Charon's* boat than the gloomy ferry man could possibly work over the river Styx in a fortnight. His coat, the threads of which, as if knit together by Egyptian cement, seemed altogether indestructible, bade defiance to all the taylors in Christendom. From the length of time it had been worn; and the rust and dust which it had accumulated; together with the adhesive particles of medicine which it had contracted, during a forty years practice, resembled an extensive plaster and seemed laid on, rather to heal some obstinate sore, which still kept rankling unseen beneath it, than to guard its possessor from the inclemencies of wind and weather. He had repeated his visits several times, when speaking of his own profession, he unluckily introduced the word *Anatomy*, and my aunt instantly taking the alarm, and fancying if she married the Doctor

that she would be put into a monstrous brass kettle, and boiled up for the benefit of the faculty, gave him to understand that his presence was no longer agreeable to her, and dismissed his pretensions accordingly.

Next came a half-starved taylor, and with his *shears* brandished in his right hand, for the purpose of *cutting* the thread of her objections, if she should offer to make any, very civilly proposed himself a candidate for her affections. It was now too late to reject any thing like a tollerable offer; and this ninth part of a human being, went on from day to day, and imperceptibly *cabbaged* all her affections. He fondly anticipated the arrival of that moment, when she, like himself, would sit cross-leged on their common shopboard, and provide for the wants of an increasing family. Already the connubial *goose* was heating to smooth forever the rough and rugged *seams* of their destiny. Already he was on the eve of *stitching* up a contract which would give felicity to both—when fate, whose iron shears were sharper than the taylor's, clipped off the thread of his existence in the middle, and sent him forlorn and solitary to his home.

Ye generous virgins! whose cheeks are flushed with the glow of youth; and whose pulses beat ardent and uniform in the cause of love, reject not a good offer, merely because there is some chance of a better; but close with the first proposal, remembering the disasters of my old aunt Margery.

"OUR FATHERS—WHERE ARE THEY?"

AND where will the sons of those same fathers be, after the lapse of half a century? mouldering in the silent tomb. The journey of life hastens to a close, and the rest of death advances. We shall shortly exchange activity for idleness, and the waking dream of busy fancy, for the calm and unruffled slumbers of eternity.

I remember, when I was a boy, the impressions of my mind on the deep and interesting subjects of futurity; but the scenes of my childhood, instead of affording pleasure in the retrospection, inspire terror. The cause is obvious. Moments misimproved, or not improved at all, have for years been sliding from the sum total of my existence, like single sands from the stupendous mountain, until the venerable pile is nearly half wasted. I have reached manhood without profiting by the awful lessons of human frailty, or ripening by the maxims of philosophy and experience. The season for youthful improvement has fled forever from my ardent grasp; and the manly pursuits, the corroding cares, and the vexing disquietudes of life, have taken the place of juvenile labors and recreations. I am not of that class of beings who revel thoughtlessly in the sunshine of pleasure, without regarding the past, or attempting to make preparation for the future. On the contrary, I am a strict moralist; but the moral, with me generally comes too late to do me service, and I pass the fatal rubicon ere I am fully aware of the destructive consequences. That a thinking, a reflecting being, like man, on subjects which involve his

primary interests, should never think or reflect at all, while every latent energy of his soul is kindled in the pursuit of avarice, ambition and pleasure, is a fact no less melancholly and astonishing than true. Placed, as we are on the theatre of action, this threshold of immortality, where the most fatiguing labor is far preferable to a dull repose—where the pulses beat the harmonious measures of regular and incessant exercise, we must necessarily have employment, or we sink at once to a careless apathy degrading to an intelligent form that wears the living impress of its Maker. But our employment should be regulated by a reasonable desire of happiness, and the progress of felicity accelerated by a prudent use of the means to obtain it. Miserable, indeed, is the old age of him who advances to the brink of the grave, unimproved by experience, and whose mind has never been fortified by the dictates of sober reflection. Futurity, at best, is but an uncertain region, frequently enveloped in darkness and shade, and never wholly irradiated by the glimmerings of philosophy, or the light of divine revelation. The dismal phantoms which encircle the bed of death, and scatter a gloom over our departing moments, are doubly terrific when we are compelled to snatch some lucid interval in the melancholly pause of disease and sorrow, for the purpose of cool and rational reflection. Death has the petrifying front of *Medusa*, and his numerous victims are made to undergo the same frightful metamorphose—the same humiliating transformation with the hapless subjects of Grecian fable. I have filled the cup of enjoyment to the *brim*, but its fancied nectar palled my senses, and the

luxurious draught disordered my imagination. I have also drank deep from the waters of affliction, and though their taste was bitter, yet I rose from the repast with diminished vanity and pride, and with sentiments more dignified, enlarged and liberal. I have learned in the continued recess of mistaken pleasures, to cultivate an union with the moral world, and acquire the friendship of intellectual natures. To prudence I endeavoured to commit the vibarating scale of my affections, and she has generally inclined the balance to the side of virtue. But I have frequently been entangled in the mazes of the passions, and led astray in the inviting wilderness of forbidden treasures.

The race of my mortal existence is now at its midway course, and surely I shall not sigh when I wind up the measure of my days at the goal of life, since its boasted enjoyments are the harbingers of disappointment, and all its ROSES are pierced with perplexing THORNS.

ADDRESS,

Delivered at the Baptist Meeting-House in Troy, July 4th, 1812.

In the name of our departed heroes—Of the spirits of the mighty dead, I greet you: may health, happiness and joy, crown this new anniversary of Freedom; this second birth-day of liberty: meekly bending at its consecrated shrine, let us raise our souls in unison,

to that Almighty being who dispenses to nations the rich blessings of his mercy, or who visits them with his sore displeasure.

We are once more assembled to commemorate an event, destined on the page of history, to run parallel in duration even with time itself. But it derives on this occasion, an increasing importance, from the circumstance, that this anniversary brings with it a new declaration of hostilities against that power, which has so deeply injured us. The foe of seventy-six, is still our foe, and the determined foe of freedom, in whatever garb she may appear. To wake the nobler feelings of the heart ; to kindle the lively emotions of joy joy, and to fan the flame of patriotism, are duties which this day imperiously demands ; and which I trust your bosoms approve.

Alllotted by Providence, to rise from the degrading vassalage of colonies, the recollection of our former sufferings, while it calls up every sentiment of dignified and honorable resentment, against the unprincipled authors of our misery, will inspire us with gratitude to that God who conducted us safe through toils and dangers, to peace, happiness and independence.

It is unnecessary here to review the outrages of the British government, at any period antecedent to the declaration of Independence. That immortal instrument recites those unprovoked and unprincipled aggressions, which finally eventuated in a separation of the Colonies from the mother country—Within a few years, new insults and fresh injuries, aggravated be-

yond all former example, have been reiterated upon our country, until further forbearance has been justly deemed by the rulers of our Nation, a crime, and Treason to the Majesty of our Independence—The Law of Nations, grown sacred from the lapse of ages, has been broken with impunity, by a People professing the highest regard for the rights of others, the most profound veneration for principles which they violate without emotion, and the keenest sense of military glory, which however, has proved hitherto an ineffectual shield against her murders and her crimes.

The spirit which conducted the former revolution, and impelled it to a glorious issue, excited the wonder and admiration of the world. Unlike the fury of a lawless mob, which often excites the most dangerous passions, and triumphs only in their gratification; it was characterised by Prudence, by judgment, and above all, by an unextinguishable love of country.—Union then prevailed to a sufficient degree, at least, to enable government to cause itself to be respected.—The habits of agricultural nations in general, render them unfit for the tented field, unless indeed, such a spirit can be found, which, co-operating with reason, would supply the deficiencies of military education, and such a spirit, from the dawn of the revolution pervaded and controlled America. It was the spirit of honorable emulation, sighing for elevated rank, and laboring incessantly to attain its object. At war with the superstition of former ages, and the limited and selfish views of avarice, it ameliorated in its march, the sufferings of the citizen and left traces of grandeur and magnanimity behind it; and such a spirit it is again

to be hoped, will animate all our councils in this awful hour of peril, and direct to one common point the collected energies of the nation.

Many well-meaning, but misguided citizens at the commencement of the Revolution, cherished the belief that a republican form of government was altogether chimerical; the unsubstantial and visionary phantom of philosophers in their closet .They deprecated the fatal ment, when a new and widely extended empire should rise into existence, springing at once from the vassalage of colonies. They feared that a government, having only for its basis, the affections of the citizen, could not long preserve its existence, or save itself from those convulsions which shook to their centre, the boasted republics of Greece and Rome. But they did not reflect that ours was a republic founded in reason, defining the rights of the ruler and the ruled. They forgot in the paroxysm of their fear, that sooner or later, every human institution must perish, and they forgot to compare our own government, its features, its genius and its laws, with the governments of the old world. All these were wanting in their estimate of the probability of its duration.

The experiment, however, has been fairly tried, and thirty-six years have fully tested its perfections. It now no longer remains a problem, whether a republican form of government is practicable—its existence is proved. It has descended to us unimpaired, and future durability must depend upon our own exertions. We have reached a most eventful period. War *is at our* door—but it is a war for national honor—a

war to preserve our dear-bought independence from the grasp of ruffian power. Let it not be said, the administration of our country have plunged us rashly into this war. Has not negociation been tried until its efforts have proved perfectly unavailing and almost ridiculous? have we not from time to time, reposed upon the noble sense of justice and proud magnanimity of a great and powerful nation, when she possessed neither justice or magnanimity? And have we not by degrading experience found almost too late that the plighted faith of Nations is only another name forrapine violence and plunder?

The growing and unexampled prosperity of the U. States, inseparable from that rational liberty which they enjoy, has been the subject of anxious contemplation and the source of deep regret to European Philosophers—They beheld with awful solicitude, at the very moment of our national birth, a new, and almost uncultivated People, emerging with the rapidity of the electric flash from obscurity, and claiming to be enrolled on the catalogue of Nations—Novel as was this interesting spectacle, it was viewed by the old world rather with envy than admiration—It was feared that some future Athens some unconquerable Sparta, like the seat of science and of power, would spring up and flourish in the wilderness of the continent, whose sons inspired with the love of glory, would be the lawgivers of distant generations—It was feared that a spirit of emulation would be cherished, embracing the pursuits of commerce, which would clip the wings of

their prosperity—Jealousy is ever the parent of envy —and whether our rights will be perfectly restored without much bloodshed, is a question which Time alone must solve—From England and France, the one struggling for unlimited empire, and the other for a precarious existence, we have little to hope as to their magnanimity, and still less as to their political honhonesty—It is this spirit of jealousy ever wakeful at another's prosperity—ever seeking to circumvent and destroy its rival; which has at length compelled our common country to put on the whole armor of war, in defence of that independence, which was the fruit of our father's victories, of their toils, their sufferings and their death; and she now calls upon her sons, in the most solemn and emphatic manner, to aid her in this, her second conflict for peace and independence; Is there one hardy enough to disobey that call?

The love of country is among the noblest principles of our nature. It has been celebrated in every age and nation, and those who have preferred death with freedom, to a life of splendid slavery, have been transmitted to posterity, as men whose example was worthy the highest imitation, and whose names deserved to live to the end of time. History has enrolled them on her imperishable tablet, and bade succeeding generations admire and copy them. Indeed, so highly are those men esteemed, whose stern integrity will never bend to a tyrant's will—whose souls too noble for slavery, would sooner burst the ties which bound them too the world, than live the scorn of the virtuous and the good; that even tyrants themselves

have venerated their virtues, and only punished them because they could not imitate them.

The present war is not, cannot be made a question of policy : It ought never to be made a question between rival and contending parties. If there is any honor to be attached to it, every citizen of his country shares it in common with his fellow-citizens, and should disgrace, defeat and misery attend it, we also share in the consequent anguish and participate equally in the cup of dishonor. War which puts the character of every nation at stake, would prove more injurious to our government than to any other, if supported as it is by the feelings, the wishes and opinions of the people, those feelings and wishes should be withdrawn from it, in the hour when they are most important. It is confidently to be hoped, that but one spirit on this subject, will pervade the union. That party distinctions and party animosities will be lost, and swallowed up in the more enlarged, the more elevated reflection, that our high political destiny committed in a measure to our own hands, can only be secured, and our armies made invincible by union.—Union then, is the watchword ; *America "expects every man to do his duty."*

There are some, but that number, I am confident is small, compared with the great body of our citizens, who disclaim even the right of our own government to make War upon the Mistress of the Ocean—Such are baneful exotics—the growth of Foreign climates who in an evil hour have been transplanted into the bosom of our country—others have dared to affirm that we

even want the spirit which is necessary to conduct a War to a speedy and honorable termination—That enervated by that luxury which is attendant upon Commerce, our bosoms no longer swell—our pulses no longer beat with that high and holy ardour which distinguished the Fathers of our revolution—But can we endure for a moment, the miserable, the degrading reflection, that the lapse of a few years has quenched the Patriot flame and implanted in our bosoms in its stead a tame and passive acquiescence in injuries—Forbid it Heaven—That flame, although it may have slumbered, is yet, we trust in God, unextinguished and unextinguishable—Its lustre quenchless as the orb of day, shall once more be kindled, to gild and eradiate a mighty continent—and light seven millions of Freemen nobly struggling in a nation's cause to Victory and honor.

Is there any in this assembly who are yet doubting whether we have sufficient cause of War with Great-Britain? If there are any such, I would point them to the *murders* of our citizens within the territorial jurisdiction of our government. I would direct their attention to the repeated violations of our National Flag, and of our National rights—I would ask them who kindled those infernal torches which blazed upon the Wabash, on the ever-memorable morning of the 7th of November last—where some of the richest blood of America, was poured forth, in defence of violated Freedom—who is it that has forged for our hardy and enterprising seamen those disgraceful chains of slavery, which now hold them captives in a foreign

service,torn from the government of their choice, from their friends and families, and perhaps, compelled to raise the unwilling hand to shed a brother's blood—Alas—" Nor wife, nor children more shall they be-" hold, nor friends, nor sacred home !"

If this is not evidence deep and damning of the fact that Great Britain has for years assumed an attitude hostile to our rights and our liberties, I must confess that I am at a loss to ascertain what species of proof would be sufficient—and if our seamen are not to be protected merely because that haughty power requires their aid to increase its butcheries and extend its unhallowed conquests, it is time, the moment has arrived, when at the point of the bayonet, and at the mouth of the cannon, we should take signal vengeance on our haughty oppressors.

But enormous as have been the injuries committed by Great Britain upon our lawful commerce, yet she is not the only power who has injured us. A Mighty nation,the transcendent lustre of whose arms has enabled it to keep in awe the enslaved millions of continental Europe, has violated equally our national sovereignty, and trodden contemptuously upon our rights, if she has failed to commit enormities equally flagrant, it has been, because she has been denied access to the means which were necessary to their accomplishment. There was a moment, when every real American breathed an anxious wish for the success of armies, devoted as was fondly hoped, to the establishment of a government which should claim for its basis, the un-

alienable rights of Man.—That moment fled when we saw with painful emotion, kingdom after kingdom and republics in long and melancholly succession, prostrated at the foot of an *Imperial Tyrant*—With more apparent respect for the rights of neutrals than her haughty rival, she still persists in a course of measures calculated to destroy our commerce, impair our national sovereignty, and by her decrees, unknown and unhallowed by the law of nations, to shut us from the ocean—That element designed by Nature's God for the common benefit of all mankind.

Let no foreign predilections be cherished on an occasion which calls for the undivided and undiminished strength of the whole American People—Our character is at stake—hitherto we have done nobly in the cause of freedom—we have ascended to a most elevated rank in the scale of nations, and become the wonder and admiration of the world—This is a second declaration of Independence—If united, we will show the world that that liberty which was worth acquiring by our Fathers, is worth preserving by their descendants—Whoever therefore, at this awful crisis, shall desert the standard of his country, or shall endeavour by dividing, to impair its strength, is a traitor to his government and undeserving its protection—Citizen Soldiers—Although enjoying a form of government distinguished for its mildness; where the principles of civil liberty are happily blended, the grand superstructure may be torn from its foundation, if unconscious of its worth, if unconscious of the worth of *Freedom*, and unmindful of the sacrifices we have made to obtain it, we should ever become so indifferent to

this first of blessings as to suffer it to be wrested from our hands—But it never can be wrested from us while you cherish those principles which I am confident you now possess—a brave and disciplined Militia, whose interests are united to the interests of their brethren, can never be the foes of Freedom—To You then in that awful hour when your country calls upon you to stand forth in her defence, we look for protection, for safety, for victory; and when you shall draw the sword, may you remember the lesson which the example of your fathers furnishes you, and looking with a steady eye to their achievements, and emulous of their fame, may you inherit a portion of their immortality!

Let me once more call the attention of this respectable assembly to a theme which has employed the voices of our firmest Patriots and most distinguished Statesmen—let me caution you to preserve this illustrious anniversary inviolate——Let no sentiments unworthy the descendants of your heroic ancestors, pollute its returning honours—It is the jubilee of Americans—It is the political Sabbath of seven millions of Freemen and consecrated like the Christian Sabbath, to the sublimest purposes of devotion—It is the sacred hour on which the Guardian Genius of our beloved country, hovering with extended wings over the collected band of American Patriots, pronounced the great work of Liberty accomplished—the second creation finished—Be faithful to its duties—Do you wish that the basis of your national glory should exist unshaken to the *end of time?* Beware how you gather up the canker

which he scatters in his course, and which mingling with the canker of avarice, will corrode it until it crumbles to undistinguished atoms.

Indulging a liberal hope that the pillars which support our Federal edifice will survive the assailing shocks of Time and accident, what have not Americans a right to expect in the volume of their destiny, as it gradually unfolds itself—If we cherish an ardent love for liberty, how bright in prospect seems our future years.—The temple of our Freedom, guarded by an Almighty hand, may defy the waste of ages, and proudly lift its towering summit to the blaze of centurial suns—The stormy waves of Faction may wash its indissoluble base, while the cement which binds the fabric is imperishable.

Now to the God of armies whose name is terrible in War, do we fervently commend the destinies of our country—May he graciously preside over all its councils and direct them to a speedy and favorable issue—May his spirit accompany our heroes to the field of battle, and inspire them in defence of every thing which is dear to them and to ourselves—nobly to *conquer*—or as nobly to *Die*.

ADDRESS

TO THE REPUBLICAN ELECTORS OF THE COUNTY OF RENSSELAER.

FELLOW-CITIZENS,

You are again called upon to exercise one of your dearest privileges, that of placing candidates of your own choice, in the councils of the state, and delegating your own authority to those who, by their nomination, you have pronounced worthy of your confidence and support.

To the wiles of a steady and persevering foe, intent upon the honors and emoluments of office, it becomes once more your duty, as it is uniformly your inclination, to oppose the impenetrable shield of patriotism. Although year after year, you have succeeded in prostrating those factious spirits, who under the specious appellation of the *disciples* of Washington, have practised every intrigue which duplicity could invent to sever that chain of union and confidence, which it was the latest pride of the great patriot and saviour of his country to preserve and brighten, still, however, they have arisen, if not invigorated, from the fall, yet with sentiments no less hostile to the principles of freedom.

It is unnecessary here to describe the course of federalism in all its eccentric revolutions. Its track has been mysterious, but fortunately so visible, that it could not escape detection. A party which is compelled to seek for power through the dark and intri-

cate mazes of deception, that winds its sinuous way to office—that fears to tread the path of honor, regardless of the well merited confidence of society, must be recreant to virtue and abandoned to principle. Truth has no mysteries. Its votaries have no lurking places—Its course is like the glorious luminary of the morning, sometimes indeed glowing with abated fervor, and sometimes breaking forth in the resistless majesty of its own native effulgence. Error is always delusive—and because it lacks the real stamp and impression of truth, it borrows the resemblance and the painted illusion is not unfrequently successful.

Your political opponents, fellow-citizens, you have at one time seen arrayed in all the meekness of pretended piety—theirs has been the spotless purity of the gospel—the holy calm of evangelical innocence has descended in sun-shine upon them, and they have been the greatest of patriots and the most pious of men, while an office was to be obtained, or an ambitious, wish of their hearts to be gratified. Like the insatiable tyger, they have concealed themselves from view, until secure of their victim ; and then leaped from their dishonorable ambush to fasten on the unsuspecting prey.

The government of our own country, fellow-citizens, dispenses more blessings than any other. It is here that merit receives its just reward unappalled by hereditary titles. It is here that the mind is left at liberty to expand to the sublimest delights of freedom. No petty tyrant *is here* permitted to frown the citizen into penury *and wretch*edness. Mild and liberal as its laws—its in-

dulgent policy, while it watches with unremitted solicitude over the privileges of the meanest citizen, is a sure guarantee of national felicity, which so long as it remains unimpaired will descend to the remotest posterity.—Union in our councils is the important watch-word.—The struggles of federalism may procure a temporary defeat, but can never be ultimately successful, while in one unbroken phalanx, we face the foe. Our destinies are, in a measure, committed to our own hands, and we must answer for the SLAVERY of future generations if by the abuse of our rights we entail SLAVERY upon them. There is little danger that your liberties will be subverted if we are united to oppose their destruction. The collective virtue of the nation will form the most powerful barrier against the encroachments of ambition. In vain may the proud and haughty statesman attempt to set his foot upon a nation of freemen if they are watchful to guard their liberties and ever steady to repel the first approaches of an invasion upon their established rights.

The approaching election will be arduous because it will decide, for a series of years at least, the strength of republicanism in the eastern senatorial district of this state. Federalism is here making its last desperate stand, and playing its last stake for public confidence which it has so grossly and wickedly abused and violated, and for office, which it has so repeatedly degraded. In the approaching conflict you may calculate to meet every species of fraud, dissimulation and falsehood—for desperate men play desperate games. Politcal treachery is incapable of fair and manly action and resorts to

stratagem and guile. But it is a subject of congratulation, fellow-citizens, that while the course of federalism has been more erratic than the course of the comet, Republicanism has marched, in serene majesty, on its destined course, gaining, in its progress a constant accession of strength. The state of New-Hampshire has recently felt its renovating influence. Massachusetts, the residence of the celebrated *Timothy Pickering* and his celebrated coadjutors, the *Essex-junto*, has escaped the thraldom of federal bondage and risen triumphant over an exulting foe. The result of the late town meetings in this county clearly proves that Republicans, when they please to unite their strength, are firm and unconquerable. From every quarter of the Union we are daily receiving advices of the success of republican principles, and the triumph of republican virtue. That the fair majority of the electors of this county are in heart, republicans, we are not for a moment permitted to doubt, when we reflect that the habits and manners of the FARMERS, the most useful and deserving of any class of citizens, are necessarily hostile to the pride which springs from family aggrandizement, to the pomp and parade and glare of aristocracy. It is the principles of republicanism, which, in a government like ours, consolidate its strength by placing it upon the surest basis —the united affections of the people, and, in order to effect this important object, they reduce man to a level with his fellow-man, and mildly tender the holy pledge of equal rights and equal confidence to every portion of American citizens.

FELLOW CITIZENS,

The candidate nominated for your support, as Lieutenant-Governor, is a man who has long been the dread of *Federalism*. The inflexible supporter of his country's independence—uniform in defence of the principles of freedom and bold in his opposition to the wretches who would ruin and enslave us, he has shared, in an eminent degree, the venom of our political enemies. This circumstance alone, if nothing else appeared to recommend him to your confidence, would be a sufficient inducement, since Federalism hates his name as vice hates virtue. He comes to you recommended by a more powerful consideration—by every tie which can bind the patriot and the citizen—by years of painful and arduous service in the cause of his country, in defence of the rights of his fellow-citizens. Long has he stood a faithful centinel to guard your liberties from the grasp of faction. By electing this favorite of the people—this man possessing their warmest confidence, you will again defeat the hopes of Federalism and blast the expectations of your enemies—you will raise a man of unrivalled talents, of unblemished reputation and unsullied honor to a station in which he can render himself pre-eminently useful in your future service.

But the election of Lieutenant-Governor, although important to the state, is not the only object which we have to effect. Four Senators are also to be elected, to represent the Eastern District in the Senate of this state. On their election depends the grand, momen-

tous question, whether one fourth of the great and flourishing state of New-York shall again relapse into more than British bondage.

If you are anxious for the perpetuation of our national and state felicity, we conjure you, by every tie which binds us together, as citizens—by that community of rights which, if once separated, is destroyed to all, to come forward with firmness & vigor in support of the republican candidates. They are men who have uniformly been found, in the hour of danger, at the post of duty. If you elect them to the Senate, Federalism is driven from the state; harmony will universally prevail and the gratulations of exulting thousands will abundantly repay you for your magnanimous exertions.

This country, Fellow-Citizens, has been too long *mis*-represented by Federalists in the Assembly of this state. It is idle to suppose that men who are even *honest* in their attachment to the Federal party and more especially those who possess no principles either of honor or honesty, can be the faithful representatives of a body of FARMERS whose habits of life, whose education and manners are decidedly Republican.—It wants but the united exertions of a moment at one single election to paralize the monster that is now trampling upon our liberties. Rensselaer but a short time since was as decidedly Republican as it has been two or three years past decidedly Federal—It is owing in a great measure to the supineness of our Fellow-citizens that we have not now an overwhelming

majority in this county. The candidates who are selected to represent you in the Assembly are well known to you all, you have long known them as firm and inflexible patriots, and the men who scorned to barter for a momentary popularity, the sacred principles which produced our revolution. We call upon you by every thing sacred to co-operate with us in their election—you will then be faithfully and firmly represented in the lower branch of the Legislature of this State.

FELLOW CITIZENS,

Farmers of Rensselaer—ye few surviving heroes of the revolution—while the venal presses of federalism are striving to degrade your own government in the eyes of the people—while they are swelling the dark catalogue of French enormities, and vainly attempting to lessen the shameless atrocities of Britain—while they openly avow that the British government have a right to impress American seamen and incarcerate them, for life, in their floating sepulchres—while they advocate the right of search; and, in fine, are every thing British, but the name, a solemn duty devolves upon you which you must not—which you can not violate—You have once witnessed the degrading spectacle while a federal administration usurped the authority, and trampled upon the liberties of the people—of abject and unconditional submission to that very government, whose history, blackened with crimes, is replete with injuries towards us. If you wish to preserve what you fought to obtain, to present it a glorious bequest to your chil dren; you have only to ex-

ert your strength and the work is at once accomplished. Let every nerve be strung for action and victory awaits you.—It is needless to add more. The State "*expects every man will do his duty.*"

ADDRESS

TO THE REPUBLICAN ELECTORS OF THE COUNTY OF RENSSELAER.

April, 1809.

FELLOW-CITIZENS,

THE period has again returned which clothes you with the elective suffrage, the proudest trophy of American Independence. The annual appeal to your patriotism is once more made, under the fullest assurance that you will guard with vigilance the sacred and inestimable privileges of Freemen. It is the right which you possess, to be impartially represented in your public councils, by men of your own choice, that distinguishes you from the groaning millions of Europe, who bow submissive to the stern mandates of a relentless tyrant, and who yield a perfect and unqualified obedience to laws over which they have no possible control. It is the free exercise of your political opinions that stamps America with the noblest character—a character unknown to the earlier ages of the world, and which assigns her a pre-eminent rank in the scale of surrounding nations. It is the liberty of the press, never shackled by executive chains, or confined by the arm of legislative power, that marks this country for the abode of Freedom and the theatre of

liberal discussions. Give a man information—let his mind be enlightened, and he will be free—Chain him down to ignorance, and he remains a willing slave.—The night of political delusion, which but partially vanished before the resplendent morning of our revolution, left a gloom on the minds of many of our fellow-citizens, which examples of the most illustrious and successful patriotism, exhibited before them, have been found insufficient to dispel or scatter. A party, formidable to the interests of America, because continually arrayed in hostility against her, and because possessing an accurate knowledge of her geographical situation, her strength and her resources, has never ceased to exist from the memorable period of '75 down to the present moment. With unparalelled facility, combined with the most unblushing boldness, and affecting, as interest or ambition dictated, a hypocritical regard for the rights of the people, they have too often successfully betrayed your confidence and led you unsuspecting to the brink of ruin. You have beheld them, under the influence of that *all accommodating patriotism*, which has no object but self-gratification —no higher aim than personal aggrandizement, standing in the political market, offering their rotten suffrages to the bold adventurer who, from his eligible situation and dazzling prospects, could afford to pay a generous price for political infamy, treachery and duplicity ; and associating their future destiny with that of a man who, three years before, they had publicly and solemnly declared unfit to be trusted with any responsible office. You have seen this same vas-

ty, uniform in nothing but its daring opposition to Republican principles, its foreign predilections and disgraceful love of gain, opposing the course of a virtuous and enlightened administration, and creating obstacles in the way of a final and amicable adjustment of differences between our own and foreign governments. You have heard them at one time exclaim, with all the fervor of political frenzy, that the EMBARGO was a measure unconstitutional in its creation, and destructive in its tendency, peculiarly calculated to subserve the interests of our European enemies, and to destroy our rights by consigning to oblivion the last inch of American canvas that proudly undulated amid the breezes of the ocean. And when the question on the repeal of the Embargo was taken in the last Congress, you once more beheld these *consistent* politicians arrayed in opposition to the will of the nation, and voting against the repeal of a measure which had long been the subject of their severest execration. Are these the men who are alone entitled to bask in the warm sun-shine of popular favor and fatten on the confidence of their fellow-citizens? Can such men feel any attachment to our Constitution—any veneration for our Independence, or wish to preserve it from the grasp of designing demagogues? Can they hush the murmurs of nine-tenths of the American people, with the syren song of pretended patriotism, and restore that confidence in their integrity which eight years ago they so justly forfeited? Can they cover their insiduous policy with the imposing mantle of *honesty* and shield its deformities from your eyes?—*Arduous* as is the task, and hopeless as must be the re-

sult, they will, nevertheless, march before the august tribunal of thir fellow-citizens on the last Tuesday of April, and demand, as the wages of their political iniquity, to be clothed with your confidence, invested with the offices in your power to bestow, and honored with your most cordial approbation of their conduct.

FELLOW-CITIZENS !—Be not deceived with their promises. The same men who will make them at the poll of Election, are a part of that grand confederacy of traitors, who, with on *Eastern Head*, and a *tail* stretching to the Southern extremity of our country, have for years been plotting a dismemberment of the United States. The torch of faction is not yet extinguished, waiting a favorable crisis, the leaders of that infernal project are secretly maturing their deadly plans, and laboring to produce rebellion and anarchy from one end of the continent to the other. They contemplate with peculiar satisfaction, the majestic *Hudson*, rolling his tributary waters along the Western boundaries of a newly-rising Colony, whose Eastern land-marks shall fence in every inch of territory possessed by the United States. Vermont, New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode-Island, Connecticut and a part of New-York, are destined to form the flowery girdle which shall clasp the Royal *waist* of their trans-atlantic master.

REPUBLICANS !—Rouse from your slumbers; a great and imperious duty calls you from the calm tranquility of repose, to the post of active and arduous exertion. Let the majesty of the people be once more displayed, and the curtain of Federalism will drop

forever. Let your country's good alone be consulted, and you will secure your country's happiness—and its boasted privileges to the latest posterity will descend inviolate with accumulated blessings.

Fellow-Citizens—The Republicans which we this day present to you as Candidates for your elective suffrages are men in whose bosoms the holy flame of Freedom burns unquenchable, and whose proud integrity would never stoop to legislate for the benefit of a *single* individual; but whole uniform exertions would ever be directed to one grand and important object—the welfare, the honor and the happiness of the State. They will legislate equally, for every section of community; and the most humble as well as the most exalted of their fellow-citizens, can claim at their hands with equal confidence, the most solemn guarantee of their rights and privileges.

Fellow-Citizens!—You have sustained an arduous revolutionary conflict, to free yourselves and your country from the galling yoke of despotism. Your boasted Constitution, the grand palladium of your rights, was earned at the expence of blood. Preserve that Constitution inviolate. Let not the rude touch of designing demagogues obliterate its consecrated pages. Guard it from the unhallowed grasp of treason. Rally to the polls. Be ardent—Be persevering, and your patriotic efforts will be crowned with merited success. If you secure the election of genuine Republicans, the friends of the Constitution and *of equal rights*, you may safely calculate on an *increase of* national and state felicity. The struggles of

Federalism will soon be over. After one more decided and successful effort, you may reckon with certainty on years to come, of glory, of happiness, and perfect security from the base attempts of those ambitious men, who are now laboring to subvert the costly structure of your independence, and bury your liberties beneath its wide-spread ruins.

TO THE INDEPENDENT ELECTORS OF RENSSELAER COUNTY.

FELLOW CITIZENS,

Among the important privileges confided to you by a benign and liberal Constitution, is that of selecting at stated periods from the great body of your fellow citizens, candidates for important and responsible offices, in whose political integrity you can repose unshaken confidence. Controuled by no laws but such as are congenial to the principles of Freemen—governed by no mistaken maxims of policy, plausible indeed in theory, but pernicious and destructive in practice, the path of your political prosperity widens in its course, and your happiness is commensurate with your desires to obtain it. But to every important privilege resulting from a Republican Administration, an important correspondent duty is attached which the genius of Patriotism forbids you to violate. You have not only to guard against the open attacks of the manly and honorable foe, but to watch and counteract the wiles of a desperate and designing *faction*—a *faction* pursuing by every means its own ag-

grandizement and restless from a thirst of glory—determined on elevation at every hazard, and regardless how it is obtained : and which has pursued its *serpentine* course until carefully " coiling itself" in its own corruption, we see it, by slow and secret motions, winding itself into the councils of our state until safe within the walls of the Capitol it devolves itself in security—every curl unfolds by degrees, and exulting in the pride of fancied victory, it stretches into public view a heated mass of political poison. The same deadly faction, equally assiduous and watchful at every period of our national existence, assailed our sacred Constitution under various disguises ever since the auspicious moment of its adoption : and the same deadly faction will continue to assail it until the venom which corrodes its vitals is exhausted. Professing a love of rational Independence and unremitting regard for the dearest interests of the people, it has uniformly shone forth in all the glare of mimic patriotism, and dazzled with borrowed splendor. Success has partially attended its deceptions, and repeated stratagems have occasionally emboldened it, as the paroxisms of fear subsided, and the chill of disappointment was removed, to struggle with the resistless tide of genuine patriotism which threatened to bear it into oblivion. Its nourishment in infancy was drawn from the streaming breasts of its mother Britain ; and as it sucked away the pollution of its cankered parent, it acquired a portion of that strength which still keeps the jarring machinery of its life in motion. A predilection strong and unconquerable for Great-Britain, and a union close and inseparable, produced by

the cord of natural affection, which never fails to bind a dutiful and obedient *Child* to a watchful and protecting *Parent*, are its distinguishing and primary characteristics. A consequent hatred and enmity to our own excellent form of government, has been sedulously fostered by your political enemies, until it has ripened into a fixed abhorrence of republican principles, and a detestation of the republican name. This is the enemy, fellow citizens, formidable only because of its corruption, who is now arrayed in hostility against you, and from whom you have nothing to expect but bitter and remorseless persecution. This is the *enemy* who would gladly blot from the pages of our constitution the guarantee which confirms our privileges and lifts us to the proud and enviable level of freemen—who would rejoice to seal up forever the inestimable volume of our rights and bury it with the recollection of his patriotic name, in the same urn which covers the ashes of the sainted WASHINGTON. This is the enemy who, at no distant period of our history, labored to extinguish the remembrance of our heroes, and to hide from the view of our citizens every trace of our glorious revolution. And finally, fellow citizens, this is the enemy who, basking in the blaze of fancied greatness, produced that memorable though gloomy crisis, emphatically called "*the reign of terror.*"

FELLOW CITIZENS,

Is the *reign of terror* to be restored? Are the rights of a whole nation of Freemen to be lopped away at a single stroke to make room for the gilded *coronet* or the proud insignia of aristocracy? Shall Federalism *triumph* again, but to be again defeated? You have

have heard it boldly asserted by Federalists that a republican form of government cannot stand if their efforts can subvert or overthrow it, your own experience affords abundant proof. Can you tamely suffer them to fulfil their infamous prediction before your eyes and steal away the pillars which support your independence, without an effort or a struggle to save them from destruction? Can you hold in your hands the effectual corrective of every political evil you suffer and refrain from applying it to redress your injuries? The lamp that lights the path of your opponents emits a quivering and unsteady flame, and allures to bright though visionary prospects. It is not the genial glow of patriotism—It is in truth the pale blue gleam of expiring hope. If you tread out this baleful meteor now you may rest assured that you extinguish it forever. To preserve your liberties while in your possession is certainly a great and important duty, from the performance of which no minor consideration should ever be allowed to detach your exertions. If you still are ignorant of the principles of federalism, or if previous experience of the miseries which it has produced, is insufficient to rouse you from the slumber of political delusion—If the voice of patriotism resounds in vain in your ears, and its accents are hushed by the rude murmurs of faction, let the degrading conduct of the British cabinet, and the still more degrading conduct of its unblushing advocates among us, remind you of your perilous situation, and warn you against future innovations upon your liberty. You have seen, fellow-citizens, this same faction unceasingly reviling the measures of our

general government for a series of years past, and loading with unmerited reproach and obloquy the most conspicuous patriots of our revolution. It has rejoiced at the glorious prospect of involving our country in a foreign war, because cherishing itself a disgraceful foreign predilection, it hoped to gratify its unwarrantable desire in the final extermination of liberty and independence. As a proof of its affection for Great-Britain, read, fellow-citizens, the speeches of its leaders in congress and in the state legislatures, and you will be convinced of its odious and unwarrantable attachment to the measures of a foreign government—and we invite you, fellow citizens, to examine with candor, the speech of *Mr. Platt*, the federal candidate for governor, in the senate of this state, in which he dares to make the base acknowledgement of the '*magnanimity and honorable sense of justice*' of the British king! when it is a fact notorious to every man of common sense and common honesty in the nation, that so far from being '*magnanimous and just*,' it has been the constant aim of that monarch to ruin and enslave us. Is additional evidence wanting? the infamous *Jackson*, whose sanguinary footsteps have been marked with the blood of butchered innocence, is its avowed patron, benefactor and friend; and to the *blood-stained skirts* of this apostle of royalty it clings for support and protection. His advent into the United States, like his entrance into Copenhagen, was peaceful, and federalism never strewed its *roses* in his path, until he had dared to insult our government. From that memorable moment, auspicious to

its cause, it threw aside the ordinary restraints which a sense of decency imposes, and warmed the trans-atlantic *viper* in its bosom, every press in the pay of federalism was prostituted with his unhallowed name, and the mellifluous strain of "*God save the king*," resounded to the listening ear of admiring thousands.—You have seen, fellow-citizens, faction in the halcyon days of its prosperity, triumphing over every principle of republicanism, and verging towards the confines of monarchy, and you have not only seen its progress, but you have felt the heavy yoke which it imposed, and worn the shackles which it forged to confine you. Do you not recollect that an odious *Stamp act*, the legitimate offspring of a federal congress, started into existence at the call of this faction? have you forgotten that the *press*, the ever watchful centinel of your liberties, was choaked into silence by the hard grippings of lawless power, and almost refused its utterance in support of freedom? have you so soon forgotten the alarming increase of petty and subordinate officers, who, "clothed in a little brief authority," thickened upon your view, like a swarm of locusts, and almost presumed to control your destiny? have you forgotten the alarming increase of the salaries of corrupt and useless officers, supported in luxuriance and ease from the hard toilings of an industrious and cheated yeomanry? no—the recollection of that dismal period, while it remains indelible on every heart, cannot fail to awaken the slothful to activity and nerve the vigilant to perseverance.

FELLOW-CITIZENS,

The same men who once scourged you with a whip of political scorpions, are now striving to mount on the ruins of republicanism to the first offices in the gift of the people. Their political creed like the stern and unyielding maxims of the Medes, is never subject to variation, is never susceptible of change. It is the same now as in '98 and will remain the same, until it is merged in the far more congenial principles of monarchy. Let every elector perform his duty, and the torrent of corruption, now rolling onward, may be checked in its course and turned back upon itself. Let the watchword which animates you be patriotism, and you may bid defiance to a host of traitors—with the principles of the constitution engraven on your memories, you may advance to the short and arduous struggle, confident of signal success and elate with the hope of victory—and while you guard the sacred altar of your liberties from the approach of corruption, remember that to you as a portion of the great American family is committed the most important duties which concern not only yourselves as freemen, but which will affect your remotest posterity; and remember also, that the labored edifice of your political freedom will remain indissoluble no longer than its portals are secured, and that left undefended, it will tremble on its base, and dissolve to undistinguisd atoms.

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THE BATTLE-DAY.

And are those holier—happier days,
When patriots shone amid the blaze,
Of glory's radiant light;
When conquering Washington and Greene,
Majestic rose upon the scene,
And nobly dar'd the fight;
Moments like these forever fled,
And in the gloomy mansions of the dead,
Does all our fame repose?
Wakes there no eye with courage fir'd;
No breast with heaven's own flame inspired,
No dauntless arm for deeds of worth admir'd;
To break the high, the magic spell,
That binds our country fast;
Freedom's resounding note to swell,
And wake the world at last,
While millions kindle at the mighty blast!
Shame on the servile, crouching race,
Minions of power and slaves of place,
A nation's bane—her sore disgrace,
Who care not, though the awful hour,
Which strips Columbia of her power;
Which spurns her temple to the ground,
Wide as her realm were closing round;
Who care not, though to-morrow's sun,
Ere half his daily course is run;
Where freedom's holiest banner waves,
Gleams only on a land of slaves;
Who care not though our mighty name
High blazon'd on the roll of Fame,
Obscured and blotted out with shame,

Forever fades away.
Give them to bask their little hour,
In the warm ray of wealth and power;
To wind through speculation's maze,
At levees and at courts to blaze,
And draw the stupid million's gaze,
Their souls are ever gay!

O! for a high and holy strain,
To bid our warriors breathe again;
O! for a beam divinely shed,
Like that which slumbers round the patriot dead!
The hero's sword, the freeman's shield,
To rise and lighten on the field;
And like the tempest in its wrath,
To flash along the battle-path
Terrific on their foes,
When in the dubious fight, the sons of freedom close.

Yet still amid the deepening gloom
One ray of hope appears;
A sun-beam reflected from Washington's tomb,
Through the vista of dark-rolling years!
A star has arisen the world to illume,
And its light o'er the ocean is shed:
Of Neptune's deep kingdom it pierces the gloom,
And visits his fathomless bed.

Let the sweet sounding harp of the poet awake
And pour its soft tones on the gale;
The music of bards on the loneliness break,
That encircles the mountain and vale:
For see a band of heroes bright,
Rushing bold to the fight,

Like the warriors of other years;
A gallant stand they take,
Amid clouds of smoke they shake
Their conquering spears!
Hull, Decatur, Bainbridge, Jones,
Freedom's bravest, noblest sons;
Heirs of imperishable glory
'Till time with ages past grows heavy!
Partners in danger and partners in fame,
And Lawrence dearest, most lamented name!
High o'er the scene,
With souls serene,
Have pluck'd from the brow of ocean's boasted queen
The laurel fair,
That flourish'd there;
Gem of the seas,
The growth of lapsing centuries.

Ah! Lawrence, could my feeble lay,
But give thy glories to the day;
And trembling as I sweep the string,
Mount upward on the etherial wing;
And bending o'er the breathing lyre,
Steal all the poet's soul—the angels fire;
How soon to glad each future age,
Along the bright enduring page,
Would I record thy name,
In living characters as fair,
As seraphs might had they been there
To consecrate thy fame,
And o'er thy hero-urn, to wave the wing of flame!
Vain is the wish, for ages yet
Must roll away and die;

Ere we can pay the mighty debt,
Thou son of victory !
But still thy light will gleam afar,
To future years a battle-star,
Hung in thy native heaven ;
To light the ocean's lonely path,
Or flame upon our foes in wrath,
When 'mid careering tempests driven ;
Sweeping wide,
O'er the tide,
Our starry streamers glide,
In the pomp of freedom's pride,
And through the storm of war that darkly lowr's,
Ours is the fight of fame, and glory's day is ours !

Yet widowed love in life's gay bloom,
Laments thee sinking to the tomb,
In thy fame's bright sunny morn.
And thy orphans shed as holy a tear,
As the bending seraph pours from the sphere,
When they think that thus early and rudely torn,
From their flourishing parent-stem ;
On life's wither'd waste, they must journey forlorn,
AND THERE IS NO FATHER FOR THEM !

Little orphans dry your tears,
Hush all your fears ;
For when men like your sire,
In the battle-flash expire,
And the victors o'er their tomb, their deeds of worth
admire ;
They leave the richest legacy.
The most enduring treasure ;

A nation's tears that fall as free,
When a nation's spirit grieves,
In sadness though mix'd with a mournful pleasure;
As the glistening dew-drops from the tree,
When the west wind shakes its leaves:
And the country their arm was uplifted to save,
Shall protect by its care, all the sons of the brave,
In the place of the father who sleeps in the grave!

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM GALE.

This amiable and excellent yo ung man, died universally lamented by his acquaintance, of the prevailing epedimic which raged in Troy in the winter of 1818.

Fled is the spirit, generous, just and kind,
Closed is the eye that glanced the beaming mind;
And youth's bright sun with scarce a cloud o'ercast,
Sets in the darkness of the grave at last!

If worth—if merit, long and justly proved,
By all lamented, as by all belov'd;
The tribute of a grateful tear can claim,
And pure religion can adorn a name,
Then is he blest, who still in life resign'd
Sunk down in death, and left no *foe* behind.

Say ye who watch'd around his dying bed,
While his moist pillow drank the tears you shed;
While pain and anguish wrung each kindred breast,
Say how he long'd for his eternal rest;

How calm of Nature bore the closing strife,
And panted fervent for immortal life !

While *one* fond parent agonizing hung
On every accent of his feeble tongue ;
While sisters, brothers, press'd his clay-cold cheek,
In silent woe and grief too strong to speak ;
Their fond anxiety, he constant sooth'd ;
Each mournful brow with fix'd devotion smooth'd ;
His counsels taught them still, the heaven-ward way,
And smiling pointed to eternal day !

Pure spotless spirit of Etherial mould,
Though thy hand withers and thy heart is cold ;
Though no warm sun-beams round thy relics play ;
To dust devoted and to worms a prey ;
Yet when sublime, the last dread morning breaks,
And clothed with life, the wide creation wakes,
In fadeless youth, thy renovated form,
Shall rise and flourish in the final storm ;
With angel-strength, the grave's dull sod shall spurn,
And fair and faultless to its God return :
Thine was an early, though an honor'd tomb ;
EARTH WAS THY NATIVE SPHERE, BUT HEAVEN THY HOME !

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Francis Adancourt, printer, Troy.

AUG